

COBALT-SERIES

谷
瑞恵

伯爵と妖精

【ロンドン橋に星は灯る】



レイヴン

エドガーの従者で、神秘的な雰囲気の少年。武術は相当な腕を持ち、主人には完璧に忠実なのが
…。

ケルピー

リティアの昔なじみの妖精。本来は凶暴な性格だが、リティアには優しい。

ロタ

クレモーナ大公の孫娘。幼いころ行方不明になって海賊に育てられたため、船を操るのは得意。

ユリシス

エドガーの宿敵プリンスの側近。妖精をあつかう力を持ち、エドガーを敵視している。

エドガー

貴族の家に生まれたが、プリンス率いる謎の組織に売り飛ばされ、苛酷な運命を経た後に、リディアの協力で青騎士伯爵の地位を手に入れる。冷酷にプリンスへの復讐を企む一方で、すぐにリディアをあまい言葉で口説く。

ニコ

猫の姿をした妖精。リディアの幼なじみで相棒。ふてふてしい性格だが、身なりや食事にうるさく、紳士を気取っている。

リディア

妖精の姿が見え、話もできる少女。エドガーに妖精博士として雇われ、わけあって形だけの婚約も交わす。エドガーの真意がつかめず気持ちが揺れていたが、プリンスとの対決が迫るエドガーに「結婚するわ」と叫んで…。

伯爵と妖精

登場人物紹介

Chapter 1

Innumerable masts, similar to decayed driftwood, were standing in great numbers in the Thames River. Gathered all together around the world were boats and ships at the British Empire port, filled with a mix of the good and bad people.

Here, a ship was steadily going against the flow of the current.

Along the river banks leading into the waterways, the docks were neatly aligned next to the warehouses. Overlooking the elegant movement of world-renown, high-speeding ship, the ship neared the Tower of London. Soon after following it with their eyes, the ship reached its destination at a shipyard in front of the London Bridge.

“It still hasn’t changed. The old, dark and heavy streets.”

Standing on the deck, having not seen the London scenery in a long time, a girl grumbled. She was the owner of the ship. The granddaughter of the exiled Grand Duke of Cremona, it must have been three months since she had last been to London.

“In London, the sky is suddenly shrouded by clouds. It seems as though even the town itself is detested by the sun.”

The noble lady was wearing a dress and a ponytail as she smoked her cigarette. She was obviously raised in the slums, adopted by pirates.

She was related by blood to her grandfather who recognized her during a cruise patrol. Although she was a princess, she herself had no conscious of it.

“Miss, let me get off the ship first and take a look. The dock over there appears to be very congested!”

Under the affronted stare of the servant in charge, Lota twisted her cigarette by hand and smacked her lips.

“Really! These guys are all so slow!”

She spoke as she peered below the deck.

There was a small boat freely maneuvering around the large ships, avoiding the congestion. Boarded on the ride were the porters (baggage handlers) and the crew members.

Their way seemed to be quicker. As she thought, she then shouted to them down below.

“Hey! Let me get on as well!”

“Little miss!”

Flustered, the servant hastily rushed to stop her. However, Lota strongly waved a gesture. After confirming that the boat was cut off and stopped, she pulled down the rope ladders that were piled up on the deck.

Then, without hesitation, she crossed the rails, going down the ladder to the ground with agile precision. While the men were still in a daze, she had instantly jumped onto the boat already.

“I’m sorry, can you go across shore?”

The men on the boat revealed amused smiles and generously started rowing the boat.

“Young lady, your ship is a fine ship. The man who purchased the military ship, is he part of the government?”

The voice came from a one-eyed elderly man.

“Yes, you really do know of it.”

“This old man, as long as he can take a glance, he could tell if it was a military ship.”

“Oh ~ a former military soldier then?”

“No, the military ships were in pursuit of them.”

Suddenly, the men laughed.

"Pirates."

Lota also brazenly laughed with them.

"The Miss is also interested in pirates then."

"Oh, I am also a pirate."

"Your words are quite interesting."

"Thank you."

Lota was immersed in the relaxed atmosphere of laughter. Looking back towards the river again, her eyes stopped at a strange banner, floating on a ship in the middle of the river.

"What's that?"

"It seems to be called Noah's Ark. The rich are particularly interested in it."

The old men, who seemed to sense the smell of Lota as a 'kindred spirit', warmly told her.

I see.

Painted in color on the banner of Noah's Ark was a quote from the Old Testament of the Holy Bible. The structure of the ship itself was actually not square. It was the same as an ordinary sailboat. Surprisingly, windows were boarded up. So she couldn't see anything what was inside. Giving an impression as if they're deliberately hiding something, that was very peculiar.

"Is it supposed to be durable during a large flood?"

"Who knows. Rumor has it that the end of the world is approaching... ..Ah ~ that in order to be saved, we must all work together."

"Is there really such a rumor?"

Asking, Lota was forced to look back over to the men who burst out into laughter.

"That guy's mind is broken no matter when or where he is. 'Soon, the hammer of God will come down onto the rotting streets of London.' For such a

mental man, he believes in those kind of words no matter when or where he is."

In Noah's Ark, there were no shadows of a man on the boat.

In the face of God's wrath, who brought down the great flood, the confidant Noah deferred to God's voice. It was said he entered into the ark and escaped death by a hair's breath The ship imitates such a fable. However, not knowing why, it gave Lota an ominous feeling.

Even so, those constantly tangled thoughts of the strange ship instantly disappeared from Lota's mind once she reached ashore.

With gray skies, gray complexes surrounded by the decadent streets -- that is the capital of the British Empire. Whether it is the people or its places, no matter where you go, the city was overflowing with vibrant life.



About sixty miles north of London, next to the University of Cambridge is a town near the root of the river.

The purpose of Edgar coming here was to see the mineralogist, Professor Carlton.

The town had numerous independent colleges that stood side-by-side. Receiving his degree at a young age, Professor Carlton currently taught at the University of London. Recently, by chance, he participated in the authoritative meeting for natural history. Therefore, he had to stay here for the time being.

In fact, Edgar had been in town since last week. However, by the time he came, the professor fled before they had a chance to meet.

It was in order to receive the marriage license for Carlton's only daughter, Lydia --- apparently, the professor had already guessed Edgar's intentions.

At his wit's end, he returned to London. Afterwards, Edgar came to visit him again. Edgar firmly decided that, this time, he absolutely must not allow the professor the opportunity to escape again.

“What does the professor actually think of my matter?”

Overlooking the pastoral scenery, Edgar muttered to himself. He was on his way to the University as he rode in his carriage to the train station.

Next to him was a youthful attendant who had a pensive expression. The answer was too complex and confusing, so he remained silent.

“The professor probably believes that some of the nobles are not proper men.”

“Aren’t those of nobility proper?”

Always scant of words, the youthful attendant reluctantly said:

“Thisindulging in the surroundings of so-called lovers, not hesitating to murder others for the sake of reputation, acting illegally and vilely beyond the reach of the law... ...many nobles think in these ways, do they not?”

Moreover, Professor Carlton was a famous scholar, and was largely connected with many aristocrats. It was never his own personal prejudice to hold against aristocracy, but his view of these people being “improper” had some reason.

Thanks to that, no one in their right mind would happily allow their daughter to marry a noble.

“However, Raven, I wouldn’t do that, would I?”

Always flirting about, Earl Edgar Ashenbert himself was famous in the social circle of nobles. With a flawless appearance and eloquent manners, he was especially well-known among the women. He was a man that was always surrounded by numerous lovers, and would ruthlessly murder anyone that stood in his way. Edgar most likely didn’t know how most people, including the professor and the earl’s own attendants, thought of him. So, Edgar’s declaration left Raven to fall silent.

“As long as Lydia agrees to marry me, then for her, I am willing to change myself all the more.”

After finally convincing Lydia, who had always wanted to run away from him,

how was he going to convince her father?

In any case, he was meeting the professor. Therefore, he connected with the Natural History Research Council held at the Trinity University. And then, he entered into a special-lecture classroom.

Nearing the end of his speech, Professor Carlton stood at the podium in the large lecture hall, which were filled with students. He didn't notice Edgar.

"Well then, any questions?"

Edgar, who waited for those words, immediately stood up. The professor was astonished. Gaping, his mouth was wide-open and his body stiff and rigid.

"Professor Carlton, please allow me to sincerely greet you."

"Oh, wait a minute, I'm lecturing ..."

"Please give your daughter's hand in marriage to me!"

"Oh, ah, I know, I know! For that matter you must wait a little while to come to me, and then I'll find time to discuss with you. I assure you....."

"Thank you very much."

Edgar happily smiled as he returned to his seat.

The professor was in cold sweats. His glasses slid down his nose bridge, and his shoulders slumped wearily.

In this way, Edgar finally had the opportunity to speak with Professor Carlton that evening, a calm face-to-face conversation.

Professor Carlton welcomed Edgar into the brick dormitory. Because he normally did not pay attention to when he slept, his hair was tousled. With his fingers, he scratched his hair as if wanting his worries to be seen through.

For his only daughter, the professor treated her as a treasure, which was understandable. However, she was one of Edgar's irreplaceable treasures as well.

In any case, he must obtain the professor's permission to marry Lydia. As he

thought that, he flash said professor his amiable smile, which he normally showed others.

"Professor, it was a very wonderful lecture. I really wished to hear more details of it, is there anymore?"

"Well, Earl, you flatter me."

In order to get away as soon as possible, the professor looked as if he wanted to quickly end the conversation.

"As such..... If there is a chance in the future....."

"Ah, no. You will lose interest in this matter in the future....."

Even, at that moment, Edgar would not give up.

"Please allow me to marry Lydia!"

Simply letting the Professor lean back in his seat, Edgar confessed with a desperate expression.

"I have already received word from her to marry. I know that I was supposed to ask you first, as her father, Professor -- this is the basic etiquette. However, I couldn't wait to confirm her intentions. I apologize for reversing the order."

"Oh," the Professor sighed.

As to not give him time to consider, this was the best approach. Edgar was saying one thing after another incessantly.

"In fact, Lydia is at home in Scotland now. She was forced to return together with Kelpieit's a peculiar story too long for words. Anyway, I am going to bring her back. Did you know that originally, it was Kelpie who brought Lydia into the fairy realm?"

Professor nodded in panic.

"I will not allow her to be Kelpie's bride. Please give me permission to bring her back in the name of her marriage. As long as you acknowledge it, then professor, we can became an official couple. The fairy magic will be dispelled and become powerless."

From his words, the Professor revealed an anxious, troubled expression, although he tried to maintain his composure.

"I am afraid there is nothing we can do about a fairy matter. Lydia can manage it herself. Therefore, Earl, I humbly ask you, please reconsider your request."

He really was not easy to persuade.

Though Edgar introduced his pace of thinking, the important part was that this idea was not new to Professor Carlton.

Using strong words to achieve his goal was not the best way, Edgar nodded silently.

Taking advantage of this moment, unmoving from his seat, the professor placed his hands on his knee and revealed a resolute, determined expression.

"To be honest, I believe marriage is still too early for Lydia. However, if she truly wished for it, I cannot stop her it's just that, and what I may say next may come off as rude ... but I really do not trust you."

"Do you mean to say even with her thoughts on marrying me, it's still no?"

"No, not at all She is my daughter. Seeing her everyday, I can understand her thoughts ... she seems to like you very much. However, I cannot trust whether or not you, Earl, are truly sincere with Lydia."

Professor, for things other than his professional knowledge, he seemed a bit headstrong on this. Lydia once described her father as a professor who was unable to dress properly and was always negligent on matters not related to his precious stones. However, in fact, Edgar believed the professor may be sharper than he imagined.

The professor could see things as they really were.

Despite being able to see through it all, the professor preferred to turn a blind eye to the unfavorable side, considering only the honest, good-natured side of people.

--- Like Lydia, who was a lovely and kind person.

Edgar didn't intend to disguise himself in front of the professor.

"Do you distrust me because of the rumors of women around me?"

"No, ah, that ... for an unmarried man to play around in life, I can somewhat understand. That is another story. However, for a marriage partner, to choose from their own class is also common sense. You should think of it as well. Though you may have a favorable impression of Lydia, engagement with an Earl should be with someone of equal status, is that not it? A son together with an unsuitable girl of a different class, it is only until after marriage would they see each other's true nature. However, she is also stubborn and loves to quarrel with you. Only imagining it, I believe that is unfortunate enough."

"Stubbornness is not a problem, and marrying to a different class is not uncommon either."

"It is only because they were favored by a noble. However, to compromise with the common people, it's like having all the noble man's assets being born again from the bottom of the family.

(T/N: I tried to clarify it.. I think it means that the noble man loses all his assets because he marries into the poorer family. Therefore, he must start from the bottom up to gain money. In the end, he also becomes poor like the family if he marries them?) Though the Carlton name is located in the upper class, we have neither assets nor a noble bloodline. In regards to this, your social status would also be at a disadvantage."

"The Ashenbert family has a long history of the earl. And an emerging aristocracy of only one to 200-years of history is absolutely not the same. Whoever slanders it cannot change this fact. So, certainly, I do not intend to give anyone such a chance to do so."

Edgar thoughtfully considered all problems regarding their class. Because of this, Professor Carlton was growing more and more agitated, pacing back and forth in order to suppress such feelings.

For all of Edgar's claims, Edgar was determined to show his perfect side.

Professor Carlton still looked so reluctant to believe in him.

"Professor, what you truly mind is that I gained a title that does not belong to me and the true colors of my nature is unknown as well, isn't it?"

The professor was already aware of how Edgar gained the title as Earl of the fairies. Of course, Edgar did not intend to conceal it, anyway.

"I cannot give up on her. So I have come here to answer to your doubts and queries."

The professor slowly looked towards the window. The sunset brought about a dazzling glow across the splendor barleys, making the professor unconsciously narrow his eyes.

Then, he inadvertently returned his line of sight. However, unlike his complex troubled expressions before, he said in a soft, smooth tone:

"Earl, would you like to go out for a walk?"

The sunset dyed the root of the river in a color of gold. The students were practicing the sails of the boats in the river, their shadows moving under the light.

Professor Carlton passed through the institute atrium, swiftly moving around the buildings with familiarity. After crossing a small bridge, they began to walk along the riverside.

"Lydia was born in this small town. I was living here with my wife at the Trinity University."

Thinking he was going to be questioned, Professor Carlton's words really surprised Edgar. He stared for a moment at the professor's face, and said professor laughed lightly.

"Lydia has already forgotten about this place. She was only a little girl. I was then recruited to the University of Edinburgh and we returned to our old home in Scotland."

For the professor, it was here where he spent his school days. With his wife who was expecting a child, this place was full of memories.

At the time, with his family, he had taken a stroll along the river bank.

"Upon the first sight of Lydia, I knew she grew up bathed in the love of her parents."

Lydia's life was overflowing with love. It was truly lovely and enviable. Edgar also smiled.

"Earl, you should have also been bathed in love and growth."

... ... Is that so?

His own manor was very broad, surrounded by green trees and lakes. If there wasn't a party, it was calm and quiet. A peaceful place. Edgar was often surrounded by his nurses, private tutors, and his servants were great in numbers. His parents also occasionally took care of him, whether strict or kind. It was probably that kind of life.

"My father was a serious man of few words. No one could pierce his thoughts. I was probably difficult for my father to handle. My innocent, artless character seemed to resemble my grandfather. All in all, I was a difficult son to discipline."

Even so, he usually didn't feel uneasy or unsatisfied during those ordinary times.

"My mother always wore a gorgeous, and very gentle smile – with her, it was always such memories. My parents had truly given me the best life to live. That was also love."

Speaking of this, Edgar said it naturally.

That was his true self.

His family was definitely not the same as a common family. In the house, he was taught all that was necessary as the eldest son of the Duke. Therefore, he learned how to live from the bottom, to not lose his pride as a noble, to naturally understand that he needed to lead his companions to resist against

Prince's position.

It was the same now. At a young age, he was given a noble title, having to associate with old, deceitful and slippery aristocrats. At such exchanges, Edgar could not become careless and lower his guard against them.

However, when he and the professor spoke, they both removed themselves of their positions, the heavy armor of their beliefs and identities. He was a step closer to his true self.

In contact with many students as young as Edgar, the professor had a wealth of experience with socializing with young adults. Speaking with students who were troubled, they exchanged comfortably in conversation at ease.

Edgar felt incredibly happy.

"Your parents passed away very early."

"They left when I was thirteen years old."

"You were noble at birth. Lydia also knew of it all, is that right?"

Edgar nodded.

"At the time, my name was Edgar Leeland, Marquess of Mordang. My father was the Duke of Sylvanford."

"The Duke of"

Saying it to himself, the professor seemed to try to make sense of it all.

"Then now, as the son, you should be the Duke of Sylvanford."

"Because of the fire, the manor is completely gone. Of course, my parents together with my relatives and close companions had stayed in the house. Along with the servants, they had all suffered a tragic death. I was thought to have died as well. Because there was no successor for the title of the Duke of Sylvanford, the position remains vacant."

"Clearly, you are still alive."

"I have no proof. The fire was a conspiracy. Only I was brought out by the

enemy at the time of the fire, in an attempt to seize my title. I escaped from the hands of the enemy. And now, I am still battling with him. Even then, Lydia also said she would always support me."

The professor heaved a long, deep sigh. In any case, Lydia was deeply involved in this war with the enemy.

"So that is Lydia's reason for having to do this. I believe I do understand a little. You attract many women. However, it was not easy to understand you."

A boat rowed across the river, creating ripples in the water. As his footsteps came to a stop, the professor overlooked the scenic view of the horizon.

"Earl, no matter who you are, for the marriage with Lydia, I only have one request. Can you and Lydia take a stroll, watching over the sunset like this? And when you are walking with her, side-by-side this time, can Lydia smile?"

The sunset dyed the sky in red, superimposing Lydia' smile. Like an ignited fire, Edgar's chest gradually began to burn. His eyes gave a sharp glance.

Clearly, it was a dream he couldn't possibly have before. Now, however, he had confidence that with his own hand, he could even reach out to touch it.

Ever since he met Lydia, he didn't know when he began to believe that as long as she was with him, he could be an ordinary person, and gain happiness.

That was Lydia --- no matter what happened, she was gentle and compassionate. With her love for fairies and nature, she found happiness in the small, subtle things of everyday life.

She had the gentle quality of her father, Professor Carlton and took on her late mother's name as a Fairy Doctor. She grew up under their love and care.

It was because of this, that she did not expect to gain any unhappiness in her life. If he could not give her more than what the professor could give, he was not eligible to ask for marriage. Though Edgar understood this truth, he couldn't control the overflowing hope he felt inside.

"I would like to thank God and her parents for giving me the honor to meet Lydia. Though considering marriage may have been unwise for the present

moment, she is still indispensable to me. I have realized that I am no longer able to fight alone."

Silent, the professor slowly turned toward Edgar who refuted his own words from before. Calmly looking at him, he carefully spoke.

"I already know what you mean to say. However, if you would allow me, please let me think about it some more."

"When can I expect to receive an answer?"

As a reply, the professor pulled out a folded piece of paper before Edgar.

"Lydia asked of me to investigate a special fluorite called Freya, which you have given her a few days ago. Was that what you wanted to know?"

"... ... Lydia, she ... for me ...?"

"There were slightly ominous rumors regarding the mineral. To tell you the truth, I really do not wish for Lydia to be involved with such things. A fairy doctor is not a magician. I would rather not have her in practice with a man who is fighting a battle of sorcery. Even though Lydia wishes to do her very best for you, please also consider my fear as her father."

Edgar obediently accepted the professor's words.

*

The slum in a dark alley way was filled with mud due to the early morning rain. The air was suffocating, filled with a stifling, disgusting smell.

A corpse wrapped in rags was thrown rudely into a cart by a man wrapped in the same clothing.

Those who lived in the slums were lonely and helpless. Having no place to stay, it was not uncommon for these people to not have a home. Also, no one could sympathize with the bodies that had fallen to the side of the road. There were several such bodies within the cart.

"Recently, the fall in numbers was not very much."

A man murmured and continued to speak.

"This must be the sign of the plague. The officials are reluctant to come close to here. I wish I could say it was due to the bad weather. However, even we are reluctant to come here."

"The guys always say that it's safe, but it is always us who are doing the dangerous work."

They went to the public cemetery. Already lined up by rank, there were mourners attending the funeral.

The living person held more deep wrinkles than the dead. His complexion was gray and gloomy. Gathered together there, he appeared pale and gaunt.

"This is the third time this week that such a similar funeral was held."

"The cemetery filled with bones were dug up and then buried in a coffin, where in almost two days, they were gone."

Those words spread across the slums.

However, such a thing was not new.

In the notorious slums of London, the eastern end of London, regardless of when, the disease was spreading. Almost as if it was a monster with a conscious, attacking people like a feral beast.

The monster of disease could not be seen with the naked eye. Wandering about in the damp alleys, it gnawed to eat, awakening its companions.

The monsters then intruded into someone's home. Living in a small, cramped space and burdened with five to six children of poor families, they were all also attacked.

No one stopped it. No one cared.

However, this time was somewhat different from usual.

They had no idea what it was. However, the people felt the soot beneath the black beams, underneath the bed infested with cockroaches, it was as if something unknown was wriggling inside.

After mingling in the river water, they were removed from the bank, reeking

the repugnant smell of fog. Climbing up the alley way, the shadows seemed to have quickly entered through a crack unable to be blocked by the closed window. Was this an illusion?

Because of such thoughts, the people began to become anxious.

No one knew what was going on.

“My son was in bed with a high fever. I could only hope that it would not become more serious.”

“It seemed I had a nightmare. Once caught, the nightmares would last three days.”

“The situation is very bad. Right now, everyone is having nightmares.”

“Oh, it is not the same. It really seemed as though I had faced a demon.”

One of the men who came from the cemetery, avoiding the cart of corpses to pass through, he continued to speak.

“Is that true?”

There was a young man who greeted them, not in the least dressed as the working class, to which the men rudely replied.

“Yeah, man, it’s a terrible disease. Get the hell away from here as soon as possible.”

“However, can you say it again, that, um, the words concerning the devil ...”

“The devil is very terrible? Then, please ask God to grant you a rare book of cheats and secrets.”

The young man couldn’t stop them and watched them leave. He couldn’t help but sigh.

“Hey, is that not Paul over there?”

The calling of his name with a sound of joy did not match the air here. Turning his head to look around, there was a man standing there, dressed in high-class menswear like Paul in the slums.

“Mr. Greg … … …”

He had a beard on his chin and was slightly on the thinner side. However, regardless of the situation, his meaningless smile was indeed impressive to look at.

Paul muttered his name to himself.

He used to be like Paul, aiming to be a painter.

However, Paul didn’t know when he no longer appeared at the art collection and gallery club.

“Long time no see, Paul, what are you doing in a place such as this? I heard you were making an appearance for the debut of your painting, words of rumor among society.”

“Oh … well, I am still only a novice.”

Paul was a painter strongly supported by the Earl of Ashenbert. The highly-distinguished man not only provided financial support for Paul’s paintings, but he also treated Paul as a friend.

Paul believed, for the sake of the earl, he must work harder.

“Those are very fine clothes you are dressed in.”

They were given by the earl. To be dressed in rumpled clothes and leave out of the tall, white manor, there couldn’t possibly be a good rumor coming from that.

“On the east end of London, to wear the attire of a gentleman is not very common.”

“Compared to that, Mr. Greg, are you not also wearing similar clothing? What are you doing here?”

“Inspection.”

Greg said meaningfully and smiled. And, he was not the same as usual.

“For the spread of the disease at the Eastern end, I wanted to see how the

situation was. Only to investigate. Moses was right. The situation in this place was much more serious."

Paul was very surprised. He realized that the situation seemed to have a deeper meaning.

"Is that man French?"

"The Prophet Moses Aruba warned the people that this epidemic was not just any malignant flu that will spread in the city of London. Have you heard of it?"

Or so the rumors say which came from the magical prophet's allies, many of which were in London. Therefore, Paul ambiguously nodded.

"It is said that the city will perish because of the disaster. It will be saved only by him, or things of that nature. Therefore, what about you, Paul? Do you believe it?"

"... ...What about you, do you believe it?"

"Me? I merely came to collect the reward. If it was really true, what Moses said: when staying by his side, you would be saved. Then, anyhow, there was nothing to lose after all."

Clearly, Greg had joined a very suspicious party.

Although Paul was affiliated with the Scarlet Moon organization, it couldn't be concluded whether it was considered suspicious. However, their organization itself was essentially a tradesmen union. What Greg mentioned, regarding religious beliefs, that kind of thing always held an unnatural feeling.

Meanwhile, Paul was also very concerned of this so-called figure, Moses Aruba.

Earl Ashenbert's enemies had already began their movement into London. However, he didn't know what the enemies intended to do. Regardless, their actions regarding "the ruins of London" certainly overlapped together with Moses Aruba's declaration of the prophecy of London's destruction.

"Paul, because of our previous friendship, I can introduce you to Moses. For

now, he is merely lacking in manpower and is understaffed. Although Moses' party help board together the ship, it requires a little money. It is in order for it to be more secure against this terrible disease. Although civilians cannot get tickets for 'Noah's Ark', he said in order to escape from the disaster, it is only upon those who enter the Ark."

Greg spoke with a charming smile, attempting to coax Paul to join.

*

This quiet, little town was near the outskirts of Edinburgh, Scotland. Even though it was a place now covered in railroad tracks everywhere, because there were no construction of any station, it was very peaceful here.

There was no need to urgently transport local products to big cities, and the factories were built away from the city.

On the contrary, the sprites still head off to play, rapidly growing healthily, strong crops which made the goats and sheep grow fat on land. Nearby in the neighborhood, there were ancient ruin circular mounds and stone monuments. For Lydia, this unique town was her home.

Her mother, who was also a fairy doctor, could see fairies. They were lively all-day everyday, keeping contact Lydia so that she was not lonely. However, in a town who did not believe in fairies, Lydia was considered different.

Even though she had no human friends, even in London where her father rarely returned from work, as long as she was together with fairies, Lydia was always in good spirits.

In order to entertain fairies at home, she would decorate a large dining table. After placing the flowers, Lydia would then lay out herbal biscuits and pour tea with milk in the teacups. And it was now time for tea.

Setting sights on the biscuits as their goal, the fairies gathered together to it.

As usual, it was always like this.

Always? Was it always like this?

Occasionally, such doubts would emerge, questioning in her mind.

She felt as if she was forgetting something important, but what was it?

"...Where's Nico?"

From the time she was born, he was the companion by her side, the fairy cat that likes black tea. It is time for tea and yet he was nowhere to be seen.

I wonder what happened?

"The cat has been staying in London."

The one who spoke was a water horse who sat opposite from Lydia.

The dark-haired young man leaned forward to pick up a biscuit. And with a distasteful, unruly expression, he chewed it into pieces. For the appetite of a Kelpie, biscuits should have the worst taste for them. If he believed it to be disgusting, it was understandable.

Kelpies were originally of a terrible race that eats humans and animals. However, somehow, this Kelpie seemed very fond of Lydia and often came to visit her home.

And he was always furrowing his eyebrows and frowned when he placed the tea and biscuits in his mouth.

He really didn't have to force himself to eat something like that. Perhaps it was only because he was interested in Lydia, so he wanted to taste the things she would eat.

However, even with a frown, the human appearance of a water horse was no doubt, absolutely beautiful. He was of no exception.

Strong and seductive, water horses were filled with magic. Although Lydia knew that he could lure people into the water in order to eat them, she felt that only he was a different kind from those creatures.

"Nico is in London? Is that so..."

London. She had went to London last year, around this time, in order to spend Easter with her father.

"Well, in that case, he must have found new food."

"Oh, yes, and since then, Nico lived in London"

That being said, has it truly been a year since Nico wasn't here?

Perhaps... ...

Living everyday, a monotonous day, a year and a day made no difference really.

"He is very greedy."

Lydia appreciated the taste of the black tea as she brought it up to her lips. She felt very calm.

Although every day was very boring, nothing caused her to worry or grieve.

She felt she unknowingly lived a full life.

Although she claimed to be a fairy doctor, like her mother, in this age where trains run in England, there was no one who would consult the fairy doctor on a fairy dispute.

Moreover, Lydia was the number one strange character in town, so love was impossible.

"In London, perhaps because I went a good number of times, I find it to be very ordinary. Or Scotland became the best."

"... Hmm."

Hearing Lydia's answer, Kelpie was sitting cross-legged in his chair. She didn't understand why he somehow wore a satisfied smile.

"Hey, Kelpie, should I change to a better tea set? Yesterday, I found a complete set in the market. It was light green, the mixed colors that matched was also very beautiful."

"Ah! If it's to go and make black tea, it doesn't matter what kind it is."

"Yes, but....."

Although it was impossible for a water horse to understand such subtle

details, to try to receive a different answer than what she expected, Lydia felt a little bit surprised.

She only happened to speak to him as a human. However, why would she try to say such things with him?

To properly groom your hair to be nice, putting on the most beautiful of clothes, fairies would not pay attention to those things.

“Golden-green eyes match you well”, those were words fairies would never say.

“It looks like very delicious caramel” to describe her darkly faded, rust-colored hair, that was also out of the question.

Not to mention, even for a human, that was less likely to be said, something like that ...

That person?

Lydia was confused.

Ash-mauve eyes with keen, eager eyes, a young man with an irresistible smile on his face, he began to gradually appear in her mind.

He was always full of confidence, an ideal type for girls. He had dazzling, blond hair with the face of a noble. All the girls longed for him. However, he would stop at nothing in order to achieve his purpose, even if it meant resorting to his cold, ruthless side.

Well, he is that kind of man.

Putting on airs, he was an arrogant bastard.

(Original text.. LOL: The bumbling son of a bitch thug.

The affection asshole villain.

That bastard bumbling villains.

That pretend that evil Asshole.

That putting on airs bastard evil person.)

Because of him, Lydia suffered through a lot of pain. In the middle of London, he kidnapped her by force, in order to steal a hidden treasure. And that had been an extremely dangerous treasure hunt.

It was a very terrible matter. Recalling such unlucky things, she quickly shook her head as if to have his face disappear from her thoughts.

Although such a thing had happened, Lydia then spent Easter with her father in London and returned to Scotland afterwards.

Returning to her quiet life.

She never met him again after he received the Merrows' sword, which gave the title of the Earl of Fairies in the country. He no longer needed to see Lydia, and so it was impossible for them to see each other again. It had nothing to do with her.

As Lydia thought of him, she could not remember anything else of Edgar. She was only involved in order to do the treasure hunt, and so he took advantage her knowledge on fairies.

Lydia didn't notice that she had forgotten everything since that day: to be employed by him in London, working for him as a fairy doctor, growing to like him little by little, and also the memories of having already accepted his proposal and so forth. She only simply thought of him.

However, it was a strange thought that had been lingering in Lydia's mind.

What is the matter with this ring?

Wearing the moonstone ring on her ring finger, she could not take it off.

The beautiful moonstone emitted a gentle radiance, a touch of ivory light.

It was as if it was a custom made, and it looked like it had a very deep meaning.

As long as the ring was on her finger, it would sit there, quietly waiting for the man of the engagement to appear.

However, such power was not there anymore.

How the ring came to be, she could not remember. That was very unusual. Lydia felt uneasy.

“Lydia doesn’t remember me?”

In the train bound for Scotland, they were sitting in the single, high-class compartment. While Nico was sipping tea, he was recounting things he saw of Lydia at home.

By Edgar’s request, Nico went to Scotland to snoop on Lydia’s situation after Kelpie took her away.

Of course, Edgar knew Nico, as a fairy, loathed the railway. Unfortunately, Nico was helpless. Before getting on the train to Edinburgh, he needed to reach Edgar who was in Cambridge.

With black tea and snacks, Edgar was able to lure Nico into riding the train and finally find out about Lydia’s situation. However, he had never imagined such a thing that Nico spoke of.

“She does not entirely remember. Kelpie cast dark magic on her. After going to London during the Easter of last year, all of her later memories were quickly skipped over. For you, she probably only remembers the innumerable, terrible experiences of retrieving the Merrows’ sword.”

“That --- I don’t remember it being so bad.”

However, it did leave Lydia his initial and worst impression of him.

“Given some time, if she believes in what I said, do you believe she’ll remember?”

Edgar began to sit back in his seat, vexed.

If they had returned to their first meeting, it may have been relatively easier to persuade her. However, with her initial impression of him deceiving her, then convincing her of the marriage proposal would prove to be a lot more difficult.

Nico ignored Edgar’s troubles and leisurely greeted the entourage who was

on the sidelines.

“Ah, Raven, I'll have some more milk, please.”

He was heartily enjoying his black tea. Saying he loathed railways, was that true or false?

Nico appeared to be a mere grey cat. However, with his front paw, he was deftly holding a teacup. Often wearing a bow tie, he also behaved like a gentleman. To Raven, without a doubt, Nico was treated as a guest.

And so the brown-skinned boy then added the milk. Edgar felt the sight was truly amazing.

Though it may appear very strange, having become the Earl of Fairies and his contact with the fairy doctor, this was not very surprising.

He hoped that in the future, he could continue to see this everyday scene.

“The original consent of marriage from Lydia was already a miracle. It's impossible for that miracle to appear again.”

“Edgar, you reap what you sow.”

Then, Raven said,

“Ah, no, you're underestimating yourself.”

(In Chinese, the words are very similar.)

“You said that on purpose, didn't you?”

“Of course not.”

Standing motionless, Raven made no change in expression. However, he was probably feeling a bit anxious.

He couldn't understand the subtle feelings of the heart, so he probably didn't intentionally mean to be witty.

However for Edgar, the words hit the mark.

It was entirely his to blame.

Leaning on his cheek, his eyes turned to look out the window.

Things became like this because he allowed Kelpie to take Lydia away.

In order to protect her, to have her escaped from such a dangerous place, he set up a contract with Kelpie. He promised to go meet Lydia back in Scotland.

Though he had expected Kelpie wouldn't quietly return Lydia, he didn't think Kelpie would use dark magic. This made it more difficult for Edgar to go see her.

According to Nico's report, Kelpie had built a dark, magical wall around the small town. Therefore, other than Lydia not being able to leave the town, but Edgar, Professor Carlton and their friends couldn't even seem to step one foot inside.

Kelpie had also erased Lydia's memories of her days of living in London.

It was said that Lydia had completely forgotten about her life in London, and everyday she lived happily and carefree in the small town.

Somehow, Kelpie came up with this way to have Lydia stay beside him without breaching the contract.

Since things became like this, even if Edgar finds a way to sneak into the town, Lydia, who does not remember the marriage, would not easily comply.

"That cursed horse!"

However, Edgar had promised to bring Lydia back to London, and marry her. He must keep that promise.

"Hey, Earl, first of all, what do you plan to do with Lydia? She is under Kelpie's magic, so even the Prince's organization cannot get to her. She is surely most secure right now."

Edgar didn't understand what Nico meant.

Known as Prince and his dark organization, he took everything away from Edgar. And now, they are still fighting against each other. They intended to take away Edgar's most important things and his partners, so Lydia's situation has become very dangerous.

Because of this, Kelpie worried for Lydia and forcibly took her away from Edgar.

Though, at the time, she said she didn't want to go with Kelpie. However, Edgar had no choice.

Surrounded by a dangerous crisis, Edgar was determined to protect her. He didn't want to rely on Kelpie. Well, now he was hoping that she would accept the proposal. To overcome the crisis together, to become partners through thick and thin, it was necessary for them to meet.

As Edgar thought of this, he touched a note inside the pocket of his formal coat attire.

It was the document that the professor personally delivered to him. He confirmed the paper was still there with a touch, reminding him of the recorded contents inside.

The flame fluorite, found only in Yorkshire, England in the Wallcave village. The color of the fluorite was yellow-red, similar to the shades of a flame.

'The various colors of the fluorite only shows their geological characteristics of the mineral', was what Professor Carlton had said.

However, long ago, people once believed the crystallization of the Freya came from the spitting flames of the Wyrm.

Now, Edgar knew that legend to be true. In fact, the birth of the Freya was laid in the Wyrm a long time ago.

Prince, in order to obtain the new Freya, awaken the Wyrm, who had been in deep sleep.

The Freya was the source of the Wyrm's life, which seemed to be fabled as the stone of immortality. However, it was said that if one was not skilled in fairy magic, they would be unable to deal with this kind of magic.

In order to know how Prince intended to use the Freya, Lydia requested her father, a professor in mineralogy, to investigate the stone's legend.

However, the content of the legend was not so simple. It was downright black magic.

Professor Carlton hx found the literature in medieval books of sorcery.

If this kind of magic were to be true, then the Professor's worries were not without reason.

The core part of the strong, magical Freya was said to be able to remove the soul from the living flesh. And it was possible for it to be used to put the soul into a new body.

That was the meaning behind the name of the immortality stone. To cast off the old, dying body and then place the soul into another.

However, before that, the soul of the new host must be eliminated ahead of time.

The book referred to a variety of torture methods in order to achieve this purpose. In order not to leave behind any scars on the body, the heart must be forced into an abyss of despair, to take away its resistance from thinking, killing the host's existence. In order to become what they imagined to be.

The best choice was a new body with old blood. Until that time, the host, in order to adopt the new soul, needed to master the soul's same habits. Their knowledge, their hobbies and addictions, behavior patterns, and so on. In short, the closer the host was to the soul, the higher the chance of success.

The entirety of Edgar's abuse and punitive education was in order for him to meet Prince.

Edgar didn't know Prince's true age, but it wasn't impossible for it to be over 100 years old. Perhaps in the past, he had also used this method to obtain a new body one or two times before.

The one who dealt with the dragon's magic of the Freya was Prince's close associate and aid, Ulysses.

Ulysses was a descendant of the Blue Knight Earl's lineage, the child of a concubine. Though the direct bloodline was severed, and he could not inherit

the title of the Earl, but he still had a powerful ability to handle fairy magic.

Now that Prince was of old age, and lacking the freedom to physically move about, he must be anxious to obtain his new body.

However, Edgar, who had been his intended container, had fled.

Prince had planned to recapture Edgar. However, judging from recent events, he had attempted to kill Edgar instead. From this quick change, perhaps Prince had found another “container”.

Regardless, Edgar must stop Prince’s plans.

Because he wanted to protect Lydia and their friends.

“Nico, I plan on meeting with Lydia anyway. Although you say Lydia should maintain her place as it is, in truth, you are only afraid of Kelpie.”

“If I was found out this time, he will bite off my tail.”

Because Nico was a fairy and could avoid Kelpie’s magic, Edgar only asked of him to observe Lydia’s situation. However, it seemed after Nico discovered how vicious Kelpie treated him, Nico only wanted to run away from him now.

“Let him eat your tail, and you may get a chance to bring out Lydia. I’ll buy you a replacement fox’s tail instead.”

“I do not want that! My tail is the first in the world!”

Nico’s paws clung to his gray tail, as if afraid it was to be taken away right that moment. He couldn’t help but shed tears.

“Only joking. In any case, I must think of a way to crack through Kelpie’s magic.”

Though still displeased, Nico stroked his tail as he glanced at Edgar.

“When the sun sets, there is a way for you to enter the town. However, due to the dark magic wall, Lydia cannot exit the town. Moreover, this method could only be done once.”

The conditions were not so good. But if he could not meet Lydia, there was no

other choice.

“What is it?”

“All you have to do is to get a resident to invite you in.”

Chapter 2 - Precious Fairy Doctor

Nearby the small winding path of the field, snow-white apple blossoms could be seen everywhere. Lydia's long, loose hair fluttered in the spring breeze.

(Lydia, where do you wish to go?)

(Where do you wish to go?)

The voice of the petal-clad fairies broke the serene silence of their surroundings.

[Are you going to buy honey?]

(Honey!)

(Oh, honey!)

The fairies then started their meaningless, idle conversation, giggling and lowly whispering amongst themselves. Catching Lydia's hair, they began to play as they flew around.

(The color of Canola, like rain mixed with honey!)

The fairies loved to hold Lydia's hair and were unwilling to let go. However, they weren't being mischievous. She didn't dislike it either. At any case, on weekdays, she was not used to putting her hair up in a bundle anyway.

Lydia generally treated these fairies like children. They inadvertently dangled in her hair as she went out the gate.

Walking through the streets of the apple trees, she finally arrived to the lively, unique streets of the small town. The wooden signs of the stores hung in a neatly, arranged fashion. Lydia went straight to the store at the corner.

Once she bought something from the store, she noticed a strange carriage pulling to a stop across the street.

Next to the coach, one of the three girls looked quite relaxed and joyful to

converse with the people in the carriage.

Because this was a little town, the three sisters were also Lydia's acquaintances.

Therefore, seeing them surround the unfamiliar figure, it made her look in their direction. In the midst of it all, she saw a man wearing a black top hat.

A tall figure, dressed in a tailored-fitted jacket. The well-dressed man wore a bright fabric coat. There was absolutely no one like that in town.

The girls were unusually excited and must have really wanted to be acquainted with the seemingly noble man who arrived from the big city.

"Can we really pull over here? I have yet to visit a place such as this. However, perhaps you can take my coach and become my guide."

"In that case, please stop by at my home. In the big city, we are not to drink wine."

Listening to the sound of their delighted voices, Lydia felt slightly envious of them.

It was like this. To meet someone, gradually grow close and begin to fall in love.

However, she had no reason to wish this kind of thing for herself.

"Thank you, miss, for your kindness. However, I would still like to also take a stroll across town."

She didn't know why. When Lydia was about to turn away, once she heard his voice, she halted to a stop. Her heart began to race for no reason.

Feeling as though her thoughts were foolish, she decided she had to leave from there.

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness. For the carriage to fall into a ditch is very difficult to handle. However, to meet such beautiful young ladies, I was really quite lucky."

They made a loud, smug laughter.

"The city is even more beautiful for no adornment on a beautiful woman could go unnoticed. The women of this small town are as lovely wildflowers. It makes my heart burn intensely like a flame."

Suddenly, his words now and before, they held completely different meanings.

Somehow, the eloquence of his voice seemed to be quite familiar?

In order to confirm, she gingerly turned her head back to see.

Somehow feeling Lydia's glance, the man wearing the black hat slowly turned his head around. His ash-mauve eyes caught her immediately.

"... Lydia?"

With a surprised expression, a faint smile appeared on Edgar's face.

"Oh, it really is you, Lydia. I did not expect to see you so soon. I'm so happy, my fairy!"

With Lydia, his haughty, arrogant smile was different. Rather, the smile on his face unconsciously showed heartfelt joy. Not paying any mind to the confusion she felt inside, he boldly took a step forward.

"Have I kept you waiting so long? According to our promise, I came to pick you up."

"What are you talking about? ... You are speaking of nonsense, why are you here in this place!"

"In fact, I was going to visit your home. I never thought by only going into the city, I'll meet you. We really are meant to be."

Then, Edgar gently kissed her hand. At the sight, all three sisters focused their eyes on Lydia.

"That's... Sir Earl, is she a friend of yours?"

Someone asked timidly.

"Yes, she is my most important ..."

"Hey, please wait!"

Lydia couldn't understand what he was going to say, but she interrupted him and tried to shake off his hand.

Unconcerned and calm, Edgar gently grabbed the paper bag she was holding



"I'll take it. Well then, will you bring me to your house now?"

If I were to bring him, surely something terrible will happen.

"Um, Father is not at home now. I can not take a man back....."

"Lydia, have you forgotten your fiancé is an exception? To be alone with you is my right, isn't it?"

"What, her fiance?"

The girls screamed in surprised and quickly rushed before Lydia.

"Oh my, are you serious, Lydia?"

"That ..."

"Ah, could it be that older man in this small town, is that an old friend of Lydia's?" (?)

In this small town here. Almost every family knew of each other, but it cannot be said that they were all also friends.

She didn't know why, but the smiles shown on their faces were not natural.

"Yes, she is a childhood friend ... so we were very surprised."

Childhood? As soon as she heard this, Lydia was confused as Edgar, who stood on the side, spoke first.

"Then, that is better. Since you are friends, once the engagement party is announced, you shall be invited."

Having heard this, they became more and more ecstatic.

They seemed eager to use Lydia as a way to meet other nobles in the big city.

"Lydia, you have such a wonderful fiancee, why haven't you told us?"

"He's a noble, that's really astonishing."

"We may congratulate you two soon."

Lydia didn't know what to do anymore.

"It's great that you can take the time to chat with your friends, Lydia. However, ladies, if you may excuse us, we must take our leave."

"Well then, goodbye, Earl."

Edgar smiled at the overly-excited young girls. Then, he pulled the arm of the stunned Lydia to walk.

"Really, what nonsense are you talking about! And what do you mean by engagement?"

They passed through the shopping district, and after walking to the path next to the river bank, he finally opened his mouth.

"Is it not very good? They wanted to be friends with you. If you were ever bullied by them, this is a good opportunity to take revenge."

To take revenge? How can he have a warm, calm attitude, saying such bad intentions nonchalantly?

“No, I have not been bullied.”

“Oh, so because of this matter, from now on you will have good relations with them. That is also quite nice. They must have only seen the fairy side of you, so they shunned you before. Perhaps, as long as there was a suitable opportunity, you can become friends.”

Maybe so.

However, first of all, was this man’s words of engagement true?

“Well, it makes no difference to them.”

The first problem with Lydia was Edgar’s casual and random boasting of their engagement.

“Right, is the road to your home this way?”

“Edgar-”

“If you’d like me to take a detour, I wouldn’t mind, however”

“. . . It’s the left side.”

Lydia said, as she had no choice but to give up now.

She began to care a little as to Edgar’s reason for coming to Scotland.

In London, was he not busy doing work as an Earl?

What was the reason for him to come here and search for Lydia?

He still remembers me.

As she thought this, she felt a slight pain in her chest. However, it wasn’t clear to her why she felt this way.

Therefore, Lydia asked while avoiding his gaze.

“Hey, what happened?”

“If you ask me, I will take it that you are worried about me.”

“I’m worried about you.....?”

“I was only thinking that I’d very much like to see your hometown.”

“Were you already tired of the women in the big cities? So you’re looking for a girl who is like a wildflower?”

Lydia said sarcastically, and his face gave a wry smile.

“I only said that it meant the women in this town was the world’s most beautiful. I am talking about you. Loved by fairies, a wild Chamomile-like girl.”

Lydia still pouted.

Really, that’s what he does.

It should not tempt me.

He was a fool. Lydia only shook her head. It was only to tease me, he has too much leisure time.

“Anyway, Lydia, where were you coming from? Your hair is covered in so many apple blossoms.”

“Yes, they should be removed.”

She stopped her footsteps, intending to pick off the flowers from her hair. However, Edgar, actually smiling, reached out his hand and stopped her.

“It’s a unique and rare hair adornment. It suits you very well, so keep it.”

Lydia began to look around.

They walked all the way to the trail in the fields. They even couldn’t see the apple trees in full bloom.

In the town where fairies lived in, Lydia often subconsciously stepped into their world.

To her, it wasn’t very important. However, for a girl to be covered in blooming petals which came from who knows where, it always made people take notice and shiver in discomfort.

Then, Edgar smiled and took the time to pick them off.

“This was only the fairies being mischievous. ... Does it look very strange?”

“The fairies understand very much how to make you more beautiful.”

Edgar then picked up a flower petal that fell on her shoulder and gently placed it on her ear. Lydia, flushed, secretly snuck a glance at him.

He didn't seem to feel it was strange at all.

Though she knew it was only sweet words, she still felt very much at ease.

Although he used it in order to grow closer to her, he understood the matters with fairies. And until now, he quite naturally accepted the relationship between Lydia and fairies.

"You . . . are really unpredictable. I thought that, after you've achieved your dream of obtaining the title of the Blue Knight Earl and returned to noble society, you would have long forgotten all about me."

She said, as she seemed to be very reluctant to see that he had forgotten her.

As she realized this, she couldn't help but shyly look down. However, he actually remained silent, which made her more concern and sensitive of her indiscreet remark.

"Forgetting should be very easy."

She casually uttered those words but immediately regretted it once she thought it over.

"Lydia, you had forgotten all of our past. However, I did not forget."

What does that mean?

Lydia raised her head again to look up at him. He looked down at her, and their eyes met each other in a gaze.

"You promised to marry me. That time, you really don't remember?"

"Marry . . . ? Who?"

"Still cannot remember? Our love was only slightly recent. I hired you as a consultant, a fairy doctor for the Ashenbert family. Then, you stayed in London. While living with your father, you handled the everyday problems with fairies in my territories for me."

"Wait a minute"

"All in all, Lydia. Both of us did not worry of the identity disparity of past problems and made marriage vows."

"... Liar. I have always been here."

As she hesitated to press forward to look into his eyes, she intended to escape from him. However, he grasped her arm and pulled her back.

"You are being misled by dark magic. I am not lying. This is proof!"

Edgar raised the hand that wore the moonstone ring.

"It is the mark of our engagement. This belonged to the first Earl of Ashenbert's wife, Princess Diana's ring. This ring on your hand, isn't this an undeniable fact?"

Why can't I remember anything about this ring?

Lydia began to hesitate.

However, Edgar's words

Lydia's heart fluctuated, rising and falling, like the waves of the river. Suddenly, emerging from the small river, a roaring voice resounded from the water splash.

Jetting straight out of the misty water was a dark water horse that followed after.

"Earl, how did you get in here?"

"I'm here to see Lydia. According to our contract, you were to immediately return her to me."

Kelpie then turned into a human and arrogantly stood in front of Edgar.

"Even if you played tricks to sneak into here, it is all only a waste of time. There is no way for you to lift my magic. If you can't take her back with your own strength, the contract will not be established."

Suddenly, an intense tornado burst out and blew whirlwinds. Lydia couldn't

help but close her eyes. When she opened them again, Edgar and Kelpie's figures vanished ✨

Engaged to Edgar?

That was impossible.

However, listening to Kelpie's tone, he seemed to know Edgar and suddenly appeared to get rid of him again. In the end, when and where did these two know each other?

Then, Lydia thought, perhaps Kelpie and Edgar knew each other by chance, and that him and his engagement was utter nonsense.

Bringing up marriage, now that he was already earl, shouldn't he choose a girl from a noble family?

Moreover, he was always skillful in lying.

"Perhaps him lying to me of marriage was another plan for something else?"

However, in the end, for what purpose would he have in deceiving Lydia? As she bitterly brooded over it in deep thought, she couldn't come up with any explanation.

Then, the main entrance doorbell rung.

Sitting in front of the fireplace with an open book, Lydia immediately stood up.

"It's so late, who could it be?"

The curtain of the night completely came down and shrouded everything. Generally speaking, guests would not normally pick this time to come visit.

Is it Edgar?

Lydia cautiously walked to the front to see before arriving at the door.

"Lydia? It's me, Lota."

Lota?

Lydia opened the door and a girl with coffee-colored hair in a pony tail came

into view and greeted her.

“Lydia, are you alright? I went to your home in London, but your father said you had come to return here!”

Lota and her grandfather must have returned back from the Netherlands, Lydia naturally thought.

The memories controlled by Kelpie forbid Lydia and the people around her from entering the city’s dark magic. However, because Lota was living overseas, it seemed to not have an effect on her.

Lydia stared at Lota’s face.

“You’re back, Lota. Would you be staying in London from now on?”

In her tea-brown colored eyes, they reflected her smile.

“Oh, I am so glad you came. Come in, please. Is it very cold outside at night?”

Lydia led her by the hand and entered the living room.

Although she was the granddaughter of the Grand Duke of Cremona, Lota was the total opposite of a noble. She had already forgone her formal dress, gloves and hat. She fully appeared as an impoverished handicrafts man's daughter.

“Oh, Lota, have you eaten dinner yet?”

“I’ve eaten at a pub in the station. Lydia, why did you suddenly leave and return to Scotland again on holiday? Did you have a quarrel with that guy?”

“What guy?”

“The guy who employed you as a fairy doctor.”

Lydia tilted her head and looked at Lota, still puzzled.

“It’s Edgar, he’s called the Earl of Ashenbert . . . you seem to have been earnestly proposed to by him, which you wrote in the letter you already sent me.”

Propose? Lydia unconsciously began to caress the moonstone ring.

Then again, she saw Edgar during the day. He also kept saying some kind of

engagement and so on. What exactly is going on?

“Yes, you were running away from that guy. Is it because he is planning to do something wrong? No matter how much sweet talk he does, it’s useless. Therefore, he decided to become more arrogant and domineering, huh?”

“That, Lota, my letter … …”

“Hey, the pirate’s daughter came.”

Lydia was suddenly interrupted, followed by Kelpie jumping in from outside the window.

“Are you Kelpie? The one that sticks to Lydia all day, ah.”

“This is not good.”

“You wanted to attack her when Lydia didn’t shut her windows, however …”

“Wait a minute, Lota … …”

Lydia face immediately became red as Lota looked with a very proud and satisfied smile.

“It is purely true. Nothing had progressed.”

“Progress?”

“Oh, that’s very good. It’s okay for her to maintain like this.”

Lota didn’t know why, but she was holding Lydia tightly like a small child.

“Really, I had unexpectedly forgotten about this one.”

Looking very displeased, Kelpie muttered.

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s nothing.”

“Right, so Lydia, and that Sir cat?”

“Nico is in London. He seemed to be charmed by the food there.”

“Yes, and to this, I have specially brought this for you from the Netherlands.”

Lota said as she opened the suitcase, pulling out a bottle of wine.

“So that the two of us can drink!”

“What about me?”

Kelpie said, dissatisfied.

It ended up being a small party where Lydia’s questions of Edgar flew away, from the lively air right into the night beyond the clouds.

Drinking until she became drunk, Lydia then unknowingly fell asleep.

In the dead silence of the night, Lydia suddenly heard someone shouting to her in her dream.

“Marry me.....”

The words had only made a faint impression in her mind. When she opened her eyes, the figure also immediately disappeared.

She could not remember what kind of dream that she had exactly, and Lydia only felt that her cheeks were wet.

She then looked at the cold moonlight that reflected back the moonstone ring, and the question in her heart resurfaced again.

Something seemed suspicious.

Lota said that Lydia was working for Edgar in London. Moreover, she also mentioned the matter of marriage.

However, first of all, where have I met Lota?

Concerning her, indeed it may take a little while to think about.

As a pirate, Lota was looking for a missing friend in England. The girl was imprisoned by the Wyrm

At the time, the incident occurred in Edgar’s territory.

Lota and Edgar were old friends in America.

The more she thought of it, the more she couldn't remember the matters completely. The question in her heart grew larger.

Why would I go to Edgar's territory? How did I know that Lota and Edgar were old friends?

Was I not estranged from Edgar ever since found the sword?

It was even stranger that Nico was not around. And, compared to that, Kelpie was unusually appearing more often.

Filled with feelings of anxiety, Lydia began to fidget. She quietly jumped down from the bed. Putting on the coat to walk out of the door, she arrived at the gate.

To come outside so late, in the end, what exactly did she wish to do?

She didn't quite understand it herself, but Edgar was still in town.

The trains departing from Edinburgh would not open until tomorrow morning, so maybe he will be staying in a hotel.

Lydia passed through the garden, pushed open the low-fenced gate as she walked to it as it led her outside.

Lydia wanted to go out but only found herself still at the gate. Outside of the gate, the road was illuminated by the moonlight.

So then, Lydia once again opened the gate. Slowly, her feet stepped out of the boundary.

In the end, she only took a step forward within the gate.

It was the black magic that confused the will in people's minds.

Lydia finally noticed. The reason for her loss of memory must have been the magic.

However, to be able to do this kind of thing, it must have been a fairy with powerful strength. Then, Lydia thought, here it must certainly be Kelpie.

"..... Why?"

Though Kelpie was a dark fairy, he would not do anything bad to Lydia. Nor use magic on her.

However, if it was Kelpie's magic, it would be very difficult to crack. Though Lydia knew it very clearly, she continued her attempt to go outside.

In the same way behind the gate, Lydia carried out a ladder, intending to climb over the fence.

In the end, she was exhausted and had to sit underneath the ladder.

"What are you doing, Lydia?"

The voice was Lota, and Lydia looked up.

Still wearing her pajamas, wearing only a coat, Lydia intended to cross the small grove.

With her strange behavior being found out, along with her disheveled hair, Lydia began to blush.

"I'm sorry. I must have been making noise which woke you up, right? Because..."

"Oh, no. I thought someone was sneaking in. Compared to that, is something bothering you?"

"I cannot go outside. I think I am influenced by black magic."

Magic? Lota gave an incredulous expression. However, she asked a rational question.

"It is now the middle of the night. Where did you want to go?"

"... ... I wanted to see him."

Though she didn't say who, Lota could have guessed who it was.

"I saw him one time during the day. Now, he should still be in the city. I want to see him, to confirmif I really am engaged to... ..."

Lota gently pulled Lydia up. Then, accompanying her to return to the room, Lydia sat down next to the living room's fireplace, her mind slightly settling

down.

Lota stoked the fire, and the room began to brighten again. After she settled down a bit, she stopped and later said.

"Edgar was here, right?"

Lydia nodded.

"However, I seem to have forgotten many things."

"But you still remember me."

"Lota, you also said that in London, I was employed by Edgar. And then, he even proposed to me."

"Have you forgotten all of it?"

Lydia nodded.

"Now that I think about it, it's almost as if I have only forgotten about Edgar. I only remember meeting him once and that I have been living in this small town until now. But today, Edgar said he was here to meet me. And that I have been engaged to him..... "

"Yes, but the guy has never treated you like his fiancee."

Is that really so? Then, in the end, it was all only a trick?

"However, at the time, you very strongly refused him. For you to suddenly want to see him, I feel that is really not like you."

Lota said with a smile.

"However, since you came up with this idea, then perhaps engagement was not impossible. At least, his place in your heart is what had changed."

Change. For the criminal who deceives at every turn, Edgar?

"Edgar has also changed. You wrote in the letter that, although he was very forward to propose, you also seemed to have felt that his frivolous attitude contained sincerity."

However, I saw Edgar this morning, and he was praising the girls, exactly as

before.

He was not ideal in Lydia's eyes. She liked a kind, earnest, and somewhat clumsy but honest young man.

“..... That, Lota. I want to see him, but there's no other meaning. I only want to know the truth.”

“So, when you ran into him this morning, what kind of impression did you have of him at the time? Usually, whenever that guy mentioned marriage, you'd loathe it. However, if it wasn't for such a thing, did you feel happy to meet him?”

Though in her own memories, she did not love Edgar. But when she saw him, and when she found that he didn't forget about her, she felt somewhat happy.

Though he always said troublesome words and boasted of her being his fiancee, she was never actually angry.

Lydia just couldn't remember anything.

She didn't know whether it was the proposal from him or the thought that he could actually fall in love with her.

“Though I want to confirm his words, I don't know how to do it ... Perhaps Edgar would only say something like 'I like you' half-jokingly to tease me... ... Moreover, in front of a girl, he would always make a favorable impression of himself and get carried away.”

On the other hand, the vulgar man with his charming nature, would also go court another girl right before her eyes.

If he is only teasing her, then she might as well simply forget him.

Lydia began to become anxious. Lota didn't know why, but she seemed rather pleased. She reached out her hand and patted Lydia's head.

“It doesn't matter, Lydia. If that guy really has that mentality, I will absolutely make him regret it.”

As she spoke, she briskly stood up.

“Stay good here, I’m going to bring that guy here!”



Edgar had to endure a sleepless night in the neighbouring village. This morning, wearing casual clothes, he opened a letter on the desk near the window.

Before him, his breakfast had already gone cold.

“Lord Edgar, do you need it to be reheated?”

Raven, noticing that Edgar was too deep in thought that he did not pay attention to his surroundings, became worried for him.

“Alright, alright, I’m sorry. I will try to finish it as fast as possible.”

“Would you like some hot black tea?”

“Suit yourself.”

Edgar was driven out of town by Kelpie yesterday. He tried a variety of methods, but he still failed to enter the town again.

There were supposed to be two firks in the road. However, when he turned right, he would be forced to come back to the left. Now, he could only walk in circles. So even if he had proceeded down the main road, many of the same scenery would appear once again.

He previously heard Nico say that if they were thrown out, it would be extremely difficult to get back in. Edgar, reluctantly, had to settle and stay in a town nearby, struggling to come up with a way to bring Lydia back.

The secret organization from London, “Scarlett Moon”, was spying on Prince - and their letters have arrived.

Members of the organization have reported that Edgar’s friend, a young painter named Paul, had went missing.

Paul has been playing the role of a liaison for Edgar and the organization, and there was no danger in the task. His kind, civil personality was not suitable to be engaged in espionage activities.

However, Paul frequently went to Edgar's manor and may have been seen by Prince's henchmen. So, there was a possibility he would be targeted.

"It was said that Paul went to the orphanage in east London, visiting sick children there. And then, he disappeared."

Looking at Raven bringing in the tea, Edgar selfishly muttered lowly to himself.

Paul went over there several times to teach the kids how to paint. He heard the children had fallen sick, so he went to send his sympathies.

"Hearing that the London Eastern district had a plague spreading, he went to see them? The children in the orphanage seemed to have been affected."

"It's possible."

"Did the painter also get sick?"

Hastily eating breakfast, in front of the fire was Nico who interrupted while sipping black tea.

"What else did the person in the letter say?"

Even the name of the disease was unclear. They only knew that it was a severe case of the flu. With continuous high fevers, it eventually injured the lungs which may have caused death. However, they did not immediately lose consciousness.

"Edgar, I feel that this plague may be related to Prince."

A few days ago, Edgar went from Cambridge to London. It was because of the plague that he was called back by the Scarlett Moon.

London's eastern district had poor handicraftsman and immigrants who were living in the slums in poverty. Hearing news of the epidemic plague, all of the people in London have gone into a panic.

The eastern district could spread many diseases. Whether it was cholera or typhoid fever, the source of any epidemic was from there.

In a sense, being unable to judge the name of the plague was unusual.

Therefore, the Scarlet Moon deduced that it was likely to be man-made.

“Is Prince intending to turn London into ruins?”

Edgar’s death announced by Prince’s henchman was still a fresh, vivid memory.

What exactly is it supposed to mean, Edgar had been thinking.

He had told the Scarlet Moon members, regardless of what happened in London, that they must report to him. Therefore, they turned their attention to the place at London’s eastern district.

“However, a similar plague had not actually occurred in the western district, which is very strange.”

The Scarlet Moon seemed to also have the same thoughts.

Whether it was located in the East or Buckingham Palace in London, if the plague was from the slums, the people from there would have already left and dispersed from the area. However, they didn’t.

It was like a drop of ink on paper. It spreads slowly to the surroundings, slowly expanding. Rather, it was as if the plague was waiting for an opportunity to break through any obstacle.

“Raven, do you have any premonition from the sprite in your body? Is there anything you can tell us?”

“I also do not know ... However, I think that it knows something we don’t. It is scared.”

According to the letter from the Scarlet Moon organization, although the plague seemed detained in the slums, the people’s fear and restlessness of the plague continued to grow.

To the people of London, Prince and his organization’s plans were unknown. However, they can intuitively sense an ominous presence.

Does Paul’s disappearance have anything to do with the plague and Prince?

“What are you going to do, Earl? Go back to London?”

As if in an indifferent attitude, Nico spoke superficially. One hand was stirring the black tea, and at the same time, he was narrowing his eyes to the hot tea.

It seemed that he could only go back. Edgar just decided as such. However, here, he was also equally worried about.

“Is there any way I can see Lydia again?”

“Now that Kelpie has vigilantly stepped up the security, along with the magic outside, there is no other way.”

Edgar shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

“How so?”

“In general, though I don’t understand magic very well, it is also not easy to understand and make a deal with a Kelpie fairy.”

“However, there were many times when you and Lydia broke the fairy magic together, just as long as there was a strong bond between you two.”

“However, Lydia already doesn’t remember me with our bond.”

“This is even more vexing.”

Then, with a voice, there came a knock on the door this time. A housemaid very politely opened it.

“Earl, you have a visitor. Can I ask her to come in?”

“A guest? Apart from my fairy, I cannot see anyone.”

Edgar said.

“Too bad for you, I’m not Lydia.”

Not waiting to be guided into the room, a young girl with coffee-colored hair entered.

She was known as a pirate’s daughter in America. She and Edgar couldn’t stand each other at all, an incompatible existence. When Edgar saw Lota’s face, not very pleased, he whispered:

“Raven, put her out.”

Seeing Raven intending to act, Lota quickly hid behind the sofa.

“You ungrateful brat, how dare you treat me with such an attitude! I was asked by Lydia so I searched all the hotels in the whole town just to find you!”

Hearing Lydia’s name, Edgar immediately got up and approached Lota.

“Did you meet Lydia? How did you enter the town?”

“Do I have to stand up and say it?!”

Lota said, as if implying that he spoke from a superior position, and she stared at him.

Harassing and provoking the other was undoubtedly one of Edgar’s strengths.

“It was really disrespectful, Princess Charlotte. Please, have a seat.”

He deliberately gave a fixed, forced smile and gently took her hand. This gave Lota goosebumps on her whole body.

“Raven, serve the tea.”

Edgar stopped Raven as he was about go out, and glanced meaningfully at Nico, who was happily sipping at his black tea.

“Mr. Nico, please forgive me.”

Raven could definitely never disobey Edgar, and so he clamped his hand to retrieve Nico’s teacup.

“Hey, what are you doing, Earl!”

Lota angrily watched the scene.

“You’re actually going to give me a cat’s leftovers!”

“I’m not a cat!”

The cat, with his hands on his hips, feet on the table, stared motionless at Lota. (Did you know “akimbo” means “hands on hips”? Interesting fact, cuz I never knew) Lota completely lost the heart to refute and pushed Nico’s teacup as she sighed wearily.

“So, can we start discussing the matter with Lydia?”

Edgar said coldly as if interrogating her.

“If Lydia hadn’t asked me, I would’ve flipped the table and left.”

“Did Lydia ask you to look for me?”

Edgar appeared to have deep wrinkles between his brows. Lota wanted to quickly end the matter. Breathing in, she said.

“... From in and out of the town, it seems that Lydia only knows me. Though I have no idea why, but Kelpie’s magic has no effect on me. Perhaps the effective range of the magic didn’t include the Netherlands. I saw that Lydia had forgotten many things, but she had noticed the blanks in her memories herself.”

“Then, Lydia believes in the words I have said?”

“The engagement? Is that true?”

“Of course!”

Lota looked at Edgar full of doubt, and then took a look at Raven.

“It is true.”

Raven rushed to answer which deepened her suspicion further, as she eyed them anxiously.

“I didn’t ask him, Edgar. Did you make him say that?”

“Regarding this matter, what did Lydia say?”

Not answering, Edgar avoided her question, and simply went ahead and asked her.

“She is probably doubtful but would like to meet you to confirm.”

If possible, certainly, Edgar was thinking he wanted to see her right away.

“Lydia cannot leave town, right? Although I successfully went in once, it’ll be very difficult for me to enter the second time.”

"Well, that night, it seemed that Lydia couldn't even leave her home."

"To lift Kelpie's black magic, Lydia must remember me. For her to remember me, I must see her one more time so... ...There's no way to do this."

"In the end, it shows that your given name as the Earl Fairy was stolen."

Lota's words made him very unhappy.

"No, our Blue Knight Earl is not going to lose to Kelpie."

A voice was suddenly heard out of nowhere.

The only ones who call Edgar by the alias 'Blue Knight Earl' are normally the fairies.

Edgar looked all around, but he still wasn't able to spot the source of the voice. However, he remembered the sound of the voice.

"Coblynau? Where are you?"

"Here."

"Say you ... Hey, don't pull on my tail!"

Nico raised his voice with his tail swinging around from what he said.

"Earl, I felt the power of Miss Lydia's moonstone was strengthening. For the Little Bow to call for me is the first time."

"Little bow?"

"I from long ago had already called it such for the moonstone. Anyway, Little Bow told me it was a very important matter and that it must be quickly conveyed to the Earl. Therefore, I rushed through to come here."

Coblynau, a small mine goblin, explained.

According to what Lydia said, it was shaped very much like a miner. It wore a pointed, crooked hat, fully red-faced which was covered with an unkempt beard.

They know all about the gems and minerals. Especially Coblynau, who seemed to be the one who watched over the Earl family's moonstone.

“Let’s hear it.”

Lota wanted to know what Coblynau was going to convey, so she watched Nico’s tail.

“There is a way you can see the Miss. Compared to the power in the town, Kelpie’s strength has less effect on the church. When the shadow of the church’s steeple stretches by the setting sun, once it matches the edge of the small town’s river, you can make a hole through the dark magic’s wall.”

Pulling his tail away from the goblin, on his knees, Nico combed through the long fur. As the matter stood, Edgar completely didn’t know where Coblynau was.

Lota and Raven also didn’t know. However, they were both still staring at Nico’s tail.

“Can I bring out Lydia from there?”

“Humans cannot pass in and out through such a hold. Where you meet will be separated by glass. In order to break the magic wall, the magic on Miss Lydia must be completely removed.”

It was better than not seeing her at all. Therefore, before returning to London, he must explain and make things clear to Lydia.

“Before the shadow of the steeple returns to the river, you only have little time.”

Edgar nodded and turned his head back to look at Lota.

“You would need to speak with Lydia.”

Lota stood up and then, as if remembering something, just continued to stand there.

“I have only one thing to confirm beforehand.”

“Hey, pony-tail, the engagement is true.”

“But does Lydia have a reason to marry you?”

“I may speak words on the surface, Lota, but I have never forced a woman to do anything. I only very rightly allowed to let Lydia feel my sincere, true love.”

“However, your way of doing things is always very strong.”

“Strong does not amount to being forceful.”

“This may really only be sophistry. Eh, anyway when Lydia’s magic is lifted, if I think you did anything wrong to her, expect things to get worse from now on.”

He and Lydia had not even properly kissed, but there was no need to tell Lota that.

“Lydia was hoping to stay by my side.”

Even if it was because of her good-nature that she decided to stay close to Edgar, it didn’t matter to him.



When the sun had set, after Lydia confirmed Kelpie was not there, she secretly slipped through the back door of her home.

She did according to what Lota said until she arrived at the church.

After seeing the church, walking, she followed the church’s shadow. The steeple’s slanting, long shadow reflected an opposite line on the grass behind the church.

Walking across the grass, she reached the river. There was a wooden frame going into a short bridge.

The steeple’s slender shadow of a cross quickly stretched to the opposite shore of the river.

At this time, she saw a black silhouette. Is that Edgar?

In Lydia’s heart, as she thought, she quickly ran forward and gradually saw the face of the one on the other side. Taking off his hat, his dazzling golden hair was blown in disorder by the wind. He revealed a sad smile. The same smile as yesterday.

Lydia then made small, quick steps through the bridge. The setting sun made her hair and cheeks glow a bright red, gleaming a gloss that was normally not there. However, she was not aware of it for she was out of breath from rushing to run forward.

Before, she would return to the side of the bridge, at the edge of the river. Cannot take a step out of the town.

But this time, it was very easy for her to walk to the other side of the river.

That was because, at her feet, there was the shadow of the cross.

Then, she couldn't walk any further. So, she stopped and raised her head. In front of her was Edgar gently gazing at her.

"I'm so glad to see you. Lydia."

"That, I"

She didn't know what to say. Even looking at his face, she still couldn't think of anything, did she really like him? Why would she accept his proposal? In her mind, she wanted to know but was afraid to ask.

"It seemed you misunderstood some things about me. It must be thanks to Lota. However, you understand that I'm not a man who simply flirts with you, right?"

"Yes, but ..."

"Although there's no way to have you believe me immediately, but now there's no time for me to explain. I have an urgent matter, and I need to hurry back to London."

"Oh ..."

"However, I will come and meet you again. Didn't we promise this? The next time we meet, you will certainly remember me. The bond between humans should be stronger than any fairy's dark magic. Now that we have this engagement, we can overcome this challenge. As long as we can meet again, the dark magic will certainly be lifted. I firmly believe this."

As long as we can meet again, that is to say, even the reunion itself ... For Edgar, it was also a difficult matter? Thinking of the hidden meaning of his words, Lydia began to worry.

"What happened in London?"

He escaped from an organization dominated by a person named Prince. Perhaps the enemy did not give up on trying to kill Edgar.

"Is it something concerning Prince? Edgar, what dangerous matter do you plan on doing this time?"

"You're worried about me? However, I don't have any problems."

A lie. If the other party really was Prince's organization, it was impossible for Prince to show Edgar mercy..

As if urging him to continue, she continued to stare at him.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I should not lie to you, you are my fairy doctor."

Edgar said, surrendering.

"The east end seems to have cholera. Perhaps it was the resulting strength of Prince using dark magic."

"Prince is a magician?"

"He has a subordinate named Ulysses. He has the strength of a fairy doctor. It is his command that controls the dark fairies."

The enemy's men also had a fairy doctor. This surprised Lydia. She began to slightly understand her reason to stay close to Edgar.

Though she was an inexperienced fairy doctor, she stayed by him, shouldering his heavy burden.

She was a little bit better than anyone who was close to him.

That is to say, was Edgar still intending to use Lydia?

"Evil fairies that bring in disease usually live within the wetlands. However, if their territory was to be invaded, without any sacrifice being given to them in

return, they can prove to be terrible monsters. Bringing forth an awful plague, it can destroy human beings as well as domestic animals."

When Edgar was entrusted with the Merrow's sword, she was aware that he was not actually the true Blue Knight Earl. She was also aware that he had deliberately lied to her in order to make good use of her ability as a fairy doctor. But even then, she had wanted to do her best to help him in his role as the Blue Knight Earl, all with her own power.

Therefore, it was the same now. It didn't matter if Edgar was not telling the truth even now.

The significant part was that she was the only one to be able to communicate with fairies, and so she had intended to make full use of this ability.

As she thought this in her heart, she continued to say.

"And this problem isn't confined to the fairies of the plague. In fact, for all the evil races of fairies, it would not be suffice to just say they would do malicious acts. Rather, that they would become a terrible threat to humanity. If a great number of evil fairies gather together, there would be a major catastrophe."

"In this case, it is likely that Prince might have gathered a great deal of fae in the Eastern district of London. A large part of the London suburbs laid near the Thames River, in the wetland. That being said, for the dark fairies to all come gather here in great numbers, an epidemic would not be out of the question."

"Well, but the city of London still remained intact. Although natural and man-made disasters have occurred several times before in the past, they did not develop into a devastating situation. Perhaps, in the time before, they were formerly protected by certain powerful forces that averted the attacks of the demons."

"So, that's how it is. It was said that the London Castle near Hastings was under protection until Prince had ordered Ulysses to destroy it. Although, as a result, it wasn't completely destroyed, but the protection force seemed to have weakened because of the assault."

At the time, had I also been staying by Edgar's side? Lydia felt a little bit frightened at the thought.

After attaining his status as the Blue Knight Earl, Edgar was forced several times to fight against Prince's organization. This should not be the first time.

"If the barrier in London was to be destroyed by Prince, that may as well become very dangerous."

Edgar nodded, thoughtfully.

"What exactly is this barrier?"

Lydia felt as if she seemed to know, but at the moment, she could not remember. In the end, she still couldn't understand what to do for the barrier.

"In any case, thank you, Lydia. This is very important information. I will surely crush Prince's plans."

As if to comfort Lydia, Edgar gave her a confident smile. She felt very upset not being able to remember such an important matter. In spite of that, he was earnestly thanking Lydia. Nevertheless, she still couldn't believe in her engagement with him.

There were many things still left to say, but time was already running out.

As Lydia looked at the shadow of the steeple, she also glanced back at Edgar anxiously, not knowing anything good to say.

Edgar also reluctantly gazed at Lydia and appeared as if he was hesitating on what to say.

"I will definitely come back to see you."

He finally whispered.

"Are we really engaged?"

"Do I seem to have only a bad impression on you?"

"That...."

As Lydia was still thinking, he gently put his arms around her shoulders to hold

her.

“Coblynau had said that we cannot mutually touch each other across the glass. But I can still feel you.”

“Is that so....”

Because she was excessively startled, Lydia’s heartbeat echoed violently, leaving her mind blank. So, she could only answer him in a daze.

“Lydia, if I was to do exactly this in the past, I would have surely been avoided by you. But now, you seem to have accepted me. Do you not feel that this means something?”

Is that so? I don't know. However, Lydia had no strength to avoid it. And, although this somewhat surprised her, it also elicited mixed feelings of heartache.

He suddenly let loose of his arm, and inclined his head, slowly lifting her head up. His lips then gently touched Lydia’s lips.

The kiss felt like a gentle stroke, as if it was a natural thing.

“Even if you have no memories, do you not remember this soft, tender feeling?”

It should be the first for me, like this. Is that right?

“We...do such a thing?”

“Well, many times.”

Edgar smiled as he answered. But, because she had no memory of it, Lydia felt very shy.

Many times...? How did I survive that many times? If I weren’t so nervous, I wouldn’t dislike it.

Considering the fact that no one got slapped, Lydia didn’t feel emotions of hate towards Edgar and instead decided to give it a try. So, in that sense, it was lucky that Lydia remained in such a dazed, motionless state.

However, when his face came closer for more, Lydia could not help but find herself in a panic.

It was different from the gentle kiss before, and when Edgar moved in strongly to go for a deeper kiss, Lydia was startled, and immediately pushed him away to escape.

"Even, even such a thing, we also...."

"Yes, we have."

"Um... I'm sorry, I still cannot remember."

"..... I see. Then, I hope from now on, you can remember this one just fine. Before I met you, I had always thought that I could never get rid of the shadows of the past."

Lydia didn't know which expression she could face him with, so she looked at her feet instead. That was when she noticed that the shadow of the steeple on the ground was gradually leaving the riverbank.

Edgar gently stroked her hair.

He did not say a word and only stared at her intensely, as if to cherish what was left of their remaining time.

When he had wanted to embrace her one last time, he found that his arms were already empty.

His presence had also disappeared from Lydia's sight in an instant, and she was left alone standing on the bridge.

"Edgar...."

Chapter 3

"Hey, Lydia."

Lotta greeted her with a smile as Lydia returned home.

"I've brewed your favorite tea."

It was very difficult for Lydia to imagine herself being liked and understood by people outside her family. And not only that, but she also supposedly had close friends and even a "fiancée." When did these changes begin to happen, and why did she forget them?

The goblins that had no interest in the conversation, just continued to make noise as they selfishly grabbed snacks.

Edgar had returned to London. Lydia felt a little empty and her cheeks still held a feverish feeling, but she was happy that Lotta was here and so she openly hugged her.

"I'm back, Lotta."

Lotta also, naturally hugged her back.

"Oh, Lydia, your friends came to visit you."

Lotta pulled Lydia by the hand, and led her outside to a nearby teahouse.

"Huh? Friends?"

"I forgot to ask for their names but they seems to be the town's girls."

Now that she thought of it, it may be the three sisters who were together with Edgar when he had come by to town. Even if their reasons to visit were just to get close to other nobles, in Lydia's view, that was still the start of exchanging visits with the town's girls, so her anticipation grew.

Just Edgar's very presence seemed to be enough to change the environment around her. It really was quite incredible.

But was it really because of Edgar?

Or was it Lydia who brought about a change?

And with Lota, was it because she was acquainted with Edgar that she was also fond of Lydia?

And, even up to now, Lydia still couldn't bring herself to imagine being intimate with a man.

Thinking a little more, if there was a lover, it wouldn't be surprising to imagine such intimacy as hugging and kissing in addition to just mutual gazing.

She knew that Edgar was in need of her abilities as a fairy doctor. But since meeting him for the first time, had Lydia really changed? Had she really come to understand his need so much as to help him with all she could?

"I was going to let them wait here, but I guess when they suddenly saw a mass of leaves fall, they got scared and left. "

"Yes, it must have been the fairies' prank. "

It was rather interesting so Lydia smiled.

Although things have changed a little over time, she was still viewed as particularly strange by the residents in town, and so she continued to be treated as an outcast.

But it wasn't too bothersome.

For Lydia, her relationship with the fairies was more important than anything else.

Because of this, Lydia came to understand that the only company she would ever perhaps have in the future, would be from the fairies.

"Then again, it may have not been just a prank...how do I say it... "

Lota shrugged as she looked at the teahouse.

Scrambled all over the chair, was a mass of leaves. And what seemed as a small figure wrapped up with leaves, lifted the cup up to its nose area, and

looked as if it emitted full enjoyment from the tea's fragrance.

There was also a small mass of leaves next to the biscuits on the table.

"Nico and Coblynau? What are you guys doing here?"

The leaves on the chair ruffled as if the presence within them got frightened.

"It is.... you could tell just from looking? Even though I'm in disguise!"

"But...."

Lydia and Lota, who were both sitting on a chair, looked at each other and nodded in understanding. Nico was also covered all over by the leaves but his grey tail still stuck out.

While Coblynau was only preoccupied with eating, he forgot to hide his large nose and untidy beard.

"Disguise...but why?"

"If this guy was to be found out by Kelpie, he would be eaten. In my previous time, I was driven out by him too."

Kelpie's magic was only limited to humans. It did not affect fairies such as Nico and Coblynau.

And because of this, he was keeping his eyes open for if they were to catch his attention, he'd immediately get rid of them.

But if Nico was able to come back, then that meant that the magic that was casted on Lydia, would have also weakened. She noted this, and hastily approached forward.

"Well? Is it so? Can you undo the magic?"

Lota was also leaning over to get a good glimpse of the conversation.

"Oh, well in regards to undoing the magic, although your memory will not be recovered, there is a way to take you away from this town. Do you want to go out that much?"

"I want to go to London."

Nothing was more annoying than waiting helplessly.

Moreover, the enemy was said to have a fairy doctor on their side. It would be formidable for Edgar to deal with them on his own.

"I have heard that the evil fae were gathering in the wetlands of London and are intending to bring about a disaster soon. But if we can somehow do something that could protect London from these evil forces, then that would help Edgar out a lot too."

Buried in a pile of leaves, Nico shook his head helplessly.

"Lydia, I'll say the ugly words first; before it's all brought to an end by the Earl, it would be in your best interest to stay here quietly ."

"But, well, Nico, just as the former Blue Knight Earl's wife helped her husband deal with similar crisis, the Miss also has a rightful part to play," interrupted Coblynau.

"Ah, you do not know just how recklessly bold Lydia is."

"But small Bow said that the moonstone will surely protect the Miss. "

"Huh, is that so? It can't undo the magic, it can't restore Lydia's memory, and it cannot communicate with anyone else but you. What do you mean protect her?"

"It has its ways!"

Coblynau puffed out his chest as he spoke--like a mother justifying her children.

"Hey! Where did you guys come from?!"

There came a sound from the windowsill. Nico and Coblynau immediately froze.

"Kelpie! Ugh...that, um..."

"Ah!...I'm the leaf fairy from the trees..."

Nico deliberately tried to change his voice, but his tail was suddenly caught by

Kelpie.

"Hey! I was never an idiot!"

"Hey, ah...stop that!"

Coblynau hurried from the table and jumped to escape to the floor. But just as he stuck his head into the knothole, Kelpie caught up from behind and grabbed him.

The two fairies were slammed together by Kelpie roughly. And in that instant, the leafs fell in abundance revealing the forms of Nico and Coblynau.

"You! Did I not say that if I found you again, I'd eat you? "

"Please stop, Kelpie!"

Lydia walked over to Kelpie glaring at him with her hands on her waist.

"I know you deceived me with your magic!"

Kelpie then wrinkled his brows and slowly released Nico and Coblynau from his grip.

"If you really want me to say it then, it was all designed to protect you. That Earl and I settled it through a contract."

He suddenly indicated a change of attitude.

"Contract, with Edgar?"

"He decided to protect you from the enemy. So before he came to see you, we agreed on the fact that no one could touch you nor have any contact with you."

"But Edgar was already here, was he not?"

"Well, that, he was able to somehow find a loophole in my magic and used it to his advantage. But it's still useless. If the Earl ultimately does not find a way to release the magic then it won't be possible to meet again."

It was true that Edgar had no absolute way to break Kelpie's magic. Lydia couldn't understand why, after knowing such consequences, he would set such

a gratuitous contract with Kelpie. However, despite that, he also said that he would do everything in his power to protect Lydia.

"But building such a magic wall around town to prevent me from seeing anyone, and having me forget him was very despicable black magic. Please immediately allow me to restore my memory."

"That won't be necessary."

Kelpie crossed his arms arrogantly looking down on Lydia.

"You forgot because....."

"What?"

"Anyway, that guy will soon be gone."

Kelpie was meaning to say that Edgar would die. Then, did that mean that Kelpie had already known about Edgar's enemy and his disposition?

"He is not one to die so easily."

"Ulysses and Prince have already decided on his death. So in this case, he is unlikely to have a chance of returning alive."

"We have already made a promise that we'd meet again!"

"I'll make you forget that too. As soon as matters concerning that guy come up, you make such a painful expression. Before, you didn't make that kind of face."

Kelpie was also worried about Lydia. Kelpie had never ever shown such a complicated expression before. Lydia felt a stabbing pain in her chest while she noticed that.

"I don't want to.....forget."

Whether it was Kelpie or Lydia, they both had changed in their own ways. The reason may have well been due to all sorts of happenings.

Even if Lydia was unable to recall anything, the essence of her precious memories was still retained deep within her. She uttered those few words

flatly.

"I want to remember Edgar!"

"Well I can't think of the words that would cancel the magical incantation. But just so you know, it was never my true intention to have it this way."

"Incantation? Although you say that, you deliberately made it so you'd forget, didn't you?"

"I do not want to make you remember anything."

Kelpie said, quickly turning away. He then jumped out of the windowsill and disappeared.

Lydia sat on a bench next to the tree in the courtyard and watched the moon.

The moonstone ring bathed in the moonlight creating an incredible brilliance.

This ring was said to be able to avoid the effects of all magic and therefore guard Lydia. And it was also the ring to bring Edgar and Lydia together through the vow of engagement.

It seemed to remind Lydia of its great existence. And to also remind her, the ring holder, of her obligation to fight side by side with the Blue Knight Earl as his partner.

But Lydia still could not leave the town on her own.

She let out a sigh and at that moment, suddenly came another sigh from the spot next to her.

She didn't notice when Nico had placed himself beside her.

"Hey, what are you sighing for?"

"Since you've gone on a rampage like this once before, I've been left with nothing but to constantly worry."

When Lydia was a child, and was often invited over to the fairy world by the fae, she had once gotten herself tangled in deep trouble. Although her mother

had always warned her not to accept the invitation of fairies, Lydia entered into their dark lands anyway. But even so, Nico always knew where to find her.

As long as she was alongside Nico, the fairy world became much like her own garden. No matter how far she ended up going, she was always able to find her way back home.

"Did you really worry for me? I thought you always sought me out because you were repeatedly asked to do so by my parents, no matter how troublesome it became for you."

"If it was fortunately within town, and if I had known all the faes that lived around there, then even if you didn't end up returning home right away, I wasn't put under distress because I knew it was only a matter of playing for a bit until they sent you back. But for me to go meet them time and time again for you, became too troublesome. And when you trotted a little too far from home, it became worrisome. I didn't know where you went off to, or which fae you had met up with. And because of that, several times, I had panicked."

Sometimes, when Lydia would randomly enter the fairy world and get lost in distant places, Nico would become angry with her.

Although he was capricious, timid, and often went missing during dangerous moments, when Lydia ran into a real crisis, he would still always come for her.

Though she always quarreled with him, Lydia was still also very grateful to him for that.

He was her partner whom she knew very well.

"Nico, I need to get out of here, will you be my guide?"

"Do you believe in the engagement with the Earl?"

"..... I do not know yet."

"So then, is it really necessary to take such a big risk for that guy? Prince seems to intend to do cruel things in London. To go to that place now, would mean that we would also be swept up in that disturbance."

"Well, I was wrong, I....."

"Agh... really cannot stand you. "

Nico was quite peevish as Lydia delightfully patted his paw that felt warm, covered with soft fur.

"But, Nico, if I am able to save someone, that someone would be Edgar. When I had helped him search for the treasured sword, I had also, at that time, wanted to help that desperate person achieve happiness. "

"But if you were to also get caught up in the Earl's misfortune, then what would happen?"

"It would be on my own accord then. So even if that were to happen, I would not blame anyone. "

"Your stubborn personality is very similar to your mother's. "

Nico had said this as one being her mother's closest friend. When Lydia's mother eloped with her father, this fairy was the only one to accompany her as she abandoned her hometown.

"Human lives are very short, so to do things according to one's own wishes is something quite significant. "

Nico was suddenly reminded of the people that were most close to him in the past--Lydia's mother. With his head drooping to his ears, he looked very much like a wool ball.

"I'm also on your side. Oh, compared to Mother and Father, I plan to live much longer. "

But to Nico, maybe that still was such a short time.

As Nico gained ground toward her, Lydia looked up. He was motionlessly staring at her.

"....The same face. "



"As my dear mother? If I was actually that beautiful, that would be nice, but...."

"Well that's not so. And being beautiful or not is not related to anything.For her, it was good that she was able to meet the professor."

Nico said this and then stood up.

"Come on, Lydia, we're going to London.



>On a rare sunny day, the sun in the early spring, seemed to have covered the whole of London.

People went out in order to enjoy the sunlight. Wearing light coats and gorgeous dresses, the ladies were seen going out for walks in spring sceneries.

In Regent's Park open-air cafe, people laughed with one another like they had completely forgotten about the horrible rumors happening in the Eastern district of London.

Edgar sat before a grim-faced, obese middle-aged man, and sighed.

"Perhaps Paul was too happy to be invited out by a girl to play, and so he probably forgot about his duty back home."

"Earl, he's not you."

Slade, who was also a part of the secret organization "Scarlett Moon" led by Edgar, had rushed over to the cafe where the meeting was taking place. He was a stubborn man who did not know how to have a little fun to ease up the atmosphere a little bit.

"So, then, you should continue to investigate it."

"There's a constant increase in the number of deaths in the Eastern District. And the West of the city had no patients appearing."

"Is Paul related to the outcome?"

"Well just a little."

Slade spread out a note that was written on a piece of paper. It's printing was coarse like it was written on leaflets.

"Like Paul, the disappearances continued, and there were leaflets like this found from the home's of the missing people."

"Seek salvation in the Ark, and it will open the gates of heaven."

Next to the sentence, was a drawing of Noah's Ark.

"It is a religious term, but looks like it has no relation to the Church."

"The one advertising was a Frenchman named Moses Aruba. He seemed like he was the new member to preach divinity. He immediately took the liberty to pass on rumors of London being struck with disaster while simultaneously selling his "Noah's Ark" cruise tickets saying that so long as the they were on the ark, they would be able to escape from the plague. "

"Selling it?"

"The boat was believed to come to a halt at the Thames River. And not only was it boarded with some real goods, it was also believed by some people that the spread of the disease from the Eastern district was blocked from entering the city by this same person. In fact, diseases ever only did occur in the East side of London. "

If it was like what Lydia said, Edgar thought, then the diseases truly were brought in by the evil Unseelie Court. Then Ulysses, who was able to manipulate the fairies, could also limit the dissemination of the disease.

Did Ulysses purposely limit the spread of the disease in order for this preacher to gain the trust of the people?

However, whether the two matters of the "Ark" or the plague were related to Prince, was not yet proven.

"What is it, Earl?"

"The fact that Paul might have been persuaded to also board the ship, may be very possible. "

"And maybe the French man is under Prince's control behind the scenes. "

"Or it just may be a groundless rumor by the townspeople....but in any case, I want to take a look at his face. "

"He will be here soon. "

Slade looking very happy with his perfect plan, puffed out his chest.

As Edgar put the hot coffee to his mouth, Slade shifted his attention towards a woman.

In one of the seats of the outdoor cafe lawn, sat a young woman that had the charm of a married one. She looked quite old to be considered a young maiden though.

At least, that's how she seemed like in person.

"The woman on the right is my Gallery's guest. She very much likes divine preaching, topics of incantations, and such. I overheard that she would be coming here today to see Moses Aruba."

"I see. So, are those men also a part of the 'Aruba group'?"

Three men were seated close to the woman.

As Edgar gazed upon their faces, he noticed that the one seated in the middle wore a black mask to cover the right side of his face.

The sight of him took Edgar by surprise as it reminded him of Prince.

But judging from the left side of his face, the man seemed quite young. Probably around the age of 30 or so.

Nevertheless, Edgar sensed that he must be the character known as Aruba, based on the other two men's attitudes sitting on either side of him. They seemed to have served him.

"Aruba is said to be blind in one eye, so it's a given that he would seem so mysterious to people. But perhaps, it is only to disguise his diviner's performance."

In addition to the mask, his face was also very thin. But that didn't give out such a special impression.

However, his dialect had a strong attraction and sense of dignity.

Although he was French, he clearly displayed an upper-class English accent.

Even his slight hand gestures to call over the waiter were so elegant that the attention of two women nearby, was also attracted to him.

Just staring at him more and more gave Edgar waves of chills and soon enough, his body was covered with goose bumps.

Everything about this man, was like Prince.

His tone, cadence of voice, posture, and even the way he rested his hand on the table, was all exactly the same.

And the mannerisms that Prince and his organization intended on instilling into Edgar, were all excessively similar too.

"What's the matter? Hey, that man... I have seen him before!"

Hearing the voice of Slade, Edgar managed to shake off the dizziness and the chill he had felt from his pondering mind, and redirected his attention to what was going on in front of him.

"Which man?...."

"The one on the left. He wanted to become a painter, and so he was a frequent visitor to my Gallery. His name is Greg. "

"Well, does Paul also know him?"

"Well, it seems so."

That was an instant clue. Even if it was just his imagination and intuition, but it was still related to Paul regardless.

The man who was directed by Aruba, motioned something like an envelope before the woman.

Aruba stood up, smiled, and they shook hands before he left.

Just in the coffee shop, Edgar and Slade sitting behind them, quickly grabbed a newspaper, and looked like they were reading earnestly through it so the departing people would not easily notice them. Then after that, Edgar stood up too.

Edgar approached the woman who had spoken to Aruba.

When he walked by her, she was also beginning to leave her seat. Then, Edgar intentionally shouldered the woman and she hobbled, propping her hand on the table. He pretended to hurry over to her side to help her.

"Excuse me for my rudeness, Madam."

"No, It is my fault...I did not look where I was going."

Edgar saw that just by saying a few words, her cheeks began to blush.

"Your gloves didn't get dirty, did they?"

As her hands came down on the table, the cup turned over from the impact, contaminating her fine gloves with coffee stains.

Edgar, to further point this out, held out her hand.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm one to blame. But, can you tell me your name? Please allow me to send you a new pair."

He was still holding her hand and staring at her as he said this.

She rushed to shake her head in a panic.

"No, they have not been dirtied all that much to send new ones. Please don't mind me."

She said hurriedly, and then lowered her head slightly before leaving with her maid servant.

Was this known as the so-called firm wife behavior? Edgar expected as much. Even such charms of his wouldn't be so alluring for a married woman. He was just trying to distract her attention anyways.

Edgar walked back to where Slade was sitting and pulled out the envelope that the woman had received from the man.

"Earl, do you have a history of pickpocketing?"

"Well, yes, I'm embarrassed to say so but I had to learn it, due to some circumstances."

"Most normal people don't learn of such things," Slade murmured, but Edgar merely brushed it off. He opened the envelope.

"The tickets for the Ark."

Knowing the tickets were for Noah's Ark, it didn't seem like a "party on

board" was what the ship was embarking for.

There was only content written on the ticket, but Edgar's attention was attracted to the back of the ticket where the ship's name was printed, and alongside it, a badge.

"This, this is the badge of the Stuart family!"

"Stuart Family?"

"This is Prince's way of claiming to be born from the Royal family..... "

Edgar's rival had claimed the Glorious Revolution to overthrow King James II of England, over 100 years ago. And James II's grandson, Charles Edward, claimed that the Crown Prince was defeated in the battle for the recapture of the British monarchy .

And as for what kind of treatment was given after the battle, proponents of King James were put under suppression on the orders of the British government.

It was said that the strength of deep hatred, as well the art of black magic, were both combined in unison to create the phenomena of Prince's birth, who had inherited King James' royal bloodline.

Their purposes of blending into a dark social organization under cover, was to maintain and pass on the royal bloodline in order to at one point, exact revenge on the British Royal family.

In any case, it was certain that the whole organization of Prince was definitely linked to the Stuart family and with King James of the Royal family.

And for the same reasons, Edgar became their target. They had the pedigree of King James and many British aristocracies within their own lineage, and so based on that, their next chosen candidate had to be someone with the most appropriate descent.

That was why Edgar's parents were killed. He was also believed to have died but in reality, was abducted and shipped to America as a white slave and was later educated into becoming Prince's successor.

"Although it's been through ingenious changes, but this symbolic pattern is specific to the Stuart Family's unique representation. And the name 'Aruba', I think comes from Scotland's oldest collectively, because the Stuart Family is a royal family from Scotland. "

"So, Moses Aruba is not only associated with Prince, but may also be a descendant of James II who had fled to France...making him a relative of Prince?"

After having had Edgar escape from him, was Prince now planning on finding another successor who would inherit the Royal blood?

It sure seemed as so.

"That's right, that man also received a special orthotic a while ago."

To be abused to the end, forced to commit total self destruction, and to be moulded in accordance to Prince's will, was what always awaited his so-called dolls in the end.

While Edgar was pondering, he suddenly pushed the letter over to Slade and stood up.

"Give this back to the lady and please try to get tickets for Raven and I."

"If you want to board Noah's Ark in order to find Paul, then, please let my subordinate accompany you."

"I would certainly like to allow you and the others to come along, but I must go alone. The fight against Prince is not only my personal revenge, but it is also my obligation as the Blue Knight Earl that cannot be replaced."

Initially, his purpose of starting a fight with Prince, was retaliation against him for taking everything away from him. But later, Edgar's title as the Blue Knight Earl was recognized by the fairies and he was entrusted with the sword, as its successor. So as the Blue Knight Earl, he shouldered the responsibility to protect London from this menace.

The last Blue Knight Earl, Gladys Ashenbert, was not able to fulfill her duties as she ran out of power when exiling Prince from London one hundred years

ago.

For that reason, she left behind word to cut off Prince's vessels, but the Earl family had no heirs at that time and so no one was able to stop Prince and his organization's ambitions.

Now, Edgar had become the Lord of the fairies, the next generation of the Blue Knight Earl.

Edgar's task now was not only to eliminate the current Prince, but to also prevent Prince's cursed ambition, the continuation of his lineage.

Even if he could not see any fairies, or didn't know how to manipulate magic, the destruction of Prince's organization was solely the Blue Knight Earl's responsibility and obligation.

From abandoning his revenge and only intending to carry out a noble obligation, was as decent as how Edgar wished to live.

It was his hope that his intention of pursuing Lydia, and looking forward towards a happy future, could one day be recognized.

In order to protect all these, he could never



Lydia and Nico walked on the lake-side trail.

The lake reflected the glow of the moon. They walked along the winding path. The moonlight and the lake were being blocked by thick trees that surrounded them. As the two continued to walk, it felt like a dark cavern opened up in the forest.

The magic wall that Kelpie had created, seemed to go quite deep into the fairy world. It was Lydia's first time to witness such a scene.

Even if Nico was not one to get lost so easily, there was no guarantee that they wouldn't get lost. Nonetheless, Lydia felt it was safe to follow him.

As she left for London, she was thinking about the light casual wear she had come out in. Because this was the fairy world, human beings could not bring

too many things. Things like luggage and other belongings would vanish in an instant for if one was to divert their eyes.

So Lydia had stuffed some snacks on the inside of her coat pocket while she traveled through the fairy world's passage.

In the fairy world, Lydia didn't need to care about what the fairies thought of her, so in order to facilitate her movements in ease, she went with her usual habit of wearing simple clothing not feeling the need to install her petticoat. The hem of her skirt kept dragging on the ground so she used a brooch to fix it to her lower waist.

In any case, it was not suitable at all to meet her fiancée dressed up like this.

Surprised from such a thought, Lydia hurriedly tried to shake off the idea from her mind.

"What's wrong? Are you tired?"

"Well....uh, no it's nothing like that. Right, Nico, how were you able to counteract the effects of Kelpie's magic?"

"I don't actually know. I guess we slipped out because according to the time and occasion, fairy pathways seem to change all the time."

At that point, the fairies would put something up like a guidepost to make one's journey easier since there were so many different pathways specific for each destination.

"On the contrary, we don't need to worry about Kelpie coming after us."

"Lota did temporarily deceive him for the time being, but still I think...."

Lydia didn't know how much time had passed since she left home. It felt like a short time had passed, but it must have been quite some time in reality.

Kelpie will soon come to notice that Lota was deceiving him. And he would definitely plan to take Lydia back. And it would be hard to avoid him if they were being chased by Kelpie while in the fairy realm.

Even though she wanted to return to the human world as soon as possible,

from Nico's attitude, it seemed that their road ahead was still very long.

Nico then suddenly stopped, and Lydia who was walking behind him, nearly stepped on his tail. She hurried to stop.

"What's wrong?"

A figure that looked similar to Kelpie's had caught their attention. Lydia and Nico gazed somberly at the depths of the forest.

"It's worse than Kelpie."

Lydia took into notice that Nico had finally stood on two legs and the fur on his back was unusually set upright.

They were surrounded by flashing red eyes of black dogs.

"Hounds....?"

"It's Ulysses's subordinate."

She had heard the name of Ulysses before. Edgar said that Ulysses was Prince's confidant, and that he was able to manipulate fairy magic.

"Uh...what are they doing here?"

"They're probably here for you."

Lydia who had no memory, did not understand why Prince suddenly had wanted to target her. The dogs that were as black as the seeping darkness of the forest, started to narrow the encirclement around them rapidly.

From the dogs, came out the face of a seemingly ten year old with a bluish white complexion. Despite his human appearance, there was no doubt that the young boy was one of them.

Glaring at Lydia, he then broke into a smile and said,

"The Blue Knight Earl's fairy doctor, if you don't want to become their prey, please follow me."

Oh, now that he mentioned it, I am the fairy doctor of the Earl family.

Lydia, shifting a little towards the side, tried searching for the magical

Hawthorn fruit from her pocket.

"Nico, run!"

She slightly whispered to him, while closely grasping onto the Hawthorn fruit.

"Go away you black hounds...it'll be very painful if you were hit. "

She spoke while throwing the fruit towards them. Under the light of the Hawthorn fruit, she could see that an intense ray emitted from the dark incarnate demon dog's head.

The moment they cowered, Lydia and Nico immediately took the opportunity to dash out.

But there were too many hounds, and all of them flocked behind the two.

She knew that the fruit she threw would soon be exhausted of its power, meaning at that point, Lydia could only run.

Although they ran straight, the number of demon dogs was so much that even the deviation from the roads was not able to block all of them.

"Lydia, it's a dead end!"

They suddenly halted right in front of a cliff.

Lydia stood on-top the cliff of the deep lake, and timidly looked back.

A swarm of black dogs growled at her, as they slowly approached nearer.

"What do we do, Nico?"

But this time, the unreliable fairy cat hid behind her skirt.

Lydia tried to back up a little bit, but immediately froze when she heard the sound of rocks falling off the cliff.

What was that?

Suddenly, a bright light shined across the sky.

The silver light approached their direction like an arrow.

Lydia closed her eyes at the blinding light.

The ray of light fired at the black hounds' eyes. Their incisive wails combined with the sound of their footsteps, indicated that they were beginning to flee, panic-stricken.

When it had finally quieted down, Lydia slowly opened her eyes. The sharp light merged with the moonlit night in the scenery. Lydia and Nico were the only two people left at the edge of the cliff.

"Oh, Lydia, look at that!"

Nico pointed up above.

Floating high in the sky, seemed to be what was the light's true identity. It slightly issued a silver light.

It released small soft snowflakes that slowly fell before Lydia.

Then, in an blink of an eye, the light suddenly disappeared and was replaced with the appearance of a young man standing in front of them.

He wore a skimpy robe, and his skin and hair were both silver. He gave out a mysterious feeling.

"You must not be wounded, Imperial Mistress. "

He respectfully knelt down and said.

"Ah, Mistress?"

"You are the Blue Knight Earl's wife, are you not?"

He confirmed, as he glanced at the Moonstone ring.

Does this ring have that kind of meaning to fairies?

"That, um, I am still single. "

"Then, you're the Lord's fiancée? It doesn't matter either way. In any case, please lend my master thy strength. "

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, if you have the qualifications, then you will come to understand. "

"Qualifications?"

"If you are eligible, you should be able to find the arrow of my Lord. In short, please come with me."

Lydia always felt that things were happening too suddenly. One didn't even have the chance to understand what anything meant.

"If the arrow can be found, then where should I go to see your Lord?"

"If it is found, you will be able to come back alive."

Ah? What did that mean?

"You... are you going to kill me?"

"No, if you have the qualifications, I will follow you and make every effort to protect you. That is what I mean."

What qualification does not qualify, was something really arbitrary Lydia thought.

He doesn't explain anything on his own, and suddenly appears, expecting Lydia to do it all by herself.

She couldn't guess what kind of fae he was.

"Lydia, what if the master of this guy is Ulysses and he's only following his words...?"

Climbing onto Lydia's shoulder, Nico whispered nervously.

"But Nico, he chased away Ulysses' black hounds."

"What if it's tactic to make you lower your guard? Other than Ulysses, who else could use fairies to tempt us?"

"You don't know?"

"You'll regret it, you know."

It sent away the black hounds quite easily. This fairy was not like other fae of the realm. Moreover, the fact that his master needed Lydia's ability was very suspicious.

Lydia looked at the silver-haired youth in warily.

"Where are you going to take me? Can you tell me?"

He seemed to hesitate a little bit, but continued unhurriedly as he spoke in a clear voice.

"The London Bridge."

"Huh? Why?"

"My master is there."

Nico was waving around his beard when he heard the word 'London Bridge.'

"Oh, Lydia, Prince just had killed several people on that London Bridge. And did you not also come close to being killed?"

"Oh, did that really happen, Nico?"

Then, was this fairy really Ulysses' subordinate?

Lydia worried that perhaps they really did arrive at a dead end now.

Behind her was as before, the cliff, and the silver fae was fixed at her front, not letting any chance of escape.

"I do not wish to hurt you. Anyway, please come with me."

Although he had the manner of treating the matter seriously, it seemed he was not willing to be tolerant of her rejection. It was like there was no turning back now.

Lydia was thought hard about her next step.

"Who are you?"

A voice suddenly came out from the dark trees and Kelpie's figure appeared.

"Lydia has me for protection, if she was casually taken away like this, I'd be utterly embarrassed."

The silver fairy, still in a calm expression, slowly turned to face Kelpie.

"You're a water-dwelling horse?"

He murmured in a low, scornful voice.

"Dear, the matters with London Bridge are not ones to be taken so lightly of. It has now become the most dangerous place with monstrous nightmares growing there."

Even Kelpie could feel that the unknown fae had strong magical powers. Kelpie was prudently maintaining his distance from the fae while approaching Lydia slowly.

"Monstrous Nightmare? Is that right? Kelpie."

"Yes, Ulysses is growing the Nightmare on that bridge to weaken the sacred strength the bridge has. The continuous homicide incidents that occurred on the bridge were to pollute that place. That way, it was easier to maintain the Nightmare. The London Bridge from a long time ago seemed to protect the capital's fortress with the use of magic. But now, because of the Nightmare's invasion, it's becoming like a tattered decaying metal."

The fortress? London Bridge?

Lydia had heard that long ago, the London Bridge was used as a defense to block the enemy's stronghold. But not only that, it also warded off the invasion of evil fairies. She was oblivious to its immense importance as a fortress that protected the whole of London.

Or, did she really not know that?

"Kelpie, haven't you spoken of such matters with me before?"

"Well, maybe."

Yes, he knew. Lydia felt like Kelpie certainly knew what it was that was protecting London.

The epidemic disease of London's East district, was currently kept under control by the protection of the Bridge.

The lowlying regions and handicraft industry areas were in the downstream of the bridge.

While in the city, the Royal palace and London center street were in the upstream of the bridge.

If the London Bridge completely lost its strength by the evil nightmare's corrosion, then the diseases and fairies of the evil Unseelie Court would pour into the city of London in no time at all.

She had to notify Edgar of this as soon as possible.

Lydia was very worried. But in the current state with the silver fairy and Kelpie's confrontation, she could not move.

"In order to prevent corrosion of the London Bridge, I need your strength. "

The silver fairy proclaimed, as if refusing to give up.

".....Me?"

"Damn it, that sort of thing cannot be stopped by Lydia alone. Do you plan to take her there as the Nightmare's bait?"

Indeed, Lydia was not able to cope with the powers of the nightmare alone. She was also not able to strengthen the Bridge's power either.

Fairy doctors could physically see the fairies and listen to their voices. They were close to the fairies and knew of their practices and taboos. They were able to understand the nature of magic and hence become the bridge between humans and fairies so they could coexist.

That is the essence of a fairy doctor. They could not use magic and couldn't confuse fairies and magicians.

However, the fairy still claimed he needed Lydia.

"What can I do?"

"You only need to come. "

He swiftly approached her, and then reached out to Lydia.

Lydia became confused. If the fairy was really wanting to protect London Bridge and needed Lydia's ability to do so, then that would also help Edgar out.

However, it was also needless to say, that she didn't know much about this fairy's true colors.

"Stop it, don't touch Lydia!"

Kelpie yelled. And at the same time, Lydia's arm was grasped by what seemed as a shallow light.

Without the sensation of touch, the light just surrounded Lydia's outline.

"Hey, release her at once!"

"Are you suggesting that I should take orders from a water horse?"

He said that at the same time as floating Lydia up into the air.

"Ah!"

Nico, holding onto Lydia's dress, was also taken up to the air. As the lake emerged below her, her body went scared stiff.

"Lydia!"

Kelpie instantly changed into his horse form and flew up from the cliff.

"A good-natured fairy will be no different from the evil fae if their host has the same malice, therefore, I regard you as the underling of Prince."

Kelpie suddenly pounced upon the silver fairy.

The fairy rapidly evaded, moving away from Lydia, who was still surrounded by the faint light that made her float in the air.

The silver fae then turned around towards Kelpie and raised his arms high.

"Kelpie! It's dangerous!"

Lydia remembered the incident that happened with the demon hounds and issued a warning hastily.

But Kelpie pounced at the fae again.

By this time, the light was released.

Barely opening her eyes, Lydia could see that Kelpie was hit by a ball of light

that made him go flying off.

He fell straight into the lake setting off huge waves.

"Kelpie!....What did you, he's my friend!"

"Even if aquatic horses did fall into the water, there would be no problem. "

"But I don't want to go with you!"

The fairy did not answer. Nico and Lydia went flying high into the air as they were still wrapped in the light.

If Lydia could not even resist Kelpie, then she was surely no match for this fae either.

He was planning to fly to the moon as he took them far up. Now, the lake just simply seemed like a small water puddle.



>According to the legend of the Earl of Ashenbert, the Merrow's sword is what the British king grants to the first generation of the Blue Knight Earl along with the entitlement for it.

The sword was decorated with a Sapphire because it had been engraved on the sword with the Merrow's magic. Therefore, it was called the "Merrow's Nordic Star."

That was when Edgar had attained the sword. But there was no star on top of it at the time. It was just the plain Sapphire.

In accordance with the Merrow's transaction, Edgar agreed to take on the full responsibilities of the Blue Knight Earl and with that, a new star was engraved.

There was a sparkling deep blue Sapphire cross in the center of the star.

Edgar kept staring at it.

If one had the qualifications of the Merrow's treasured sword, and had inherited a blood relationship with the Earl, then it should have been possible to attain a more stable star for this Sapphire. But that was not the case with

Edgar, as it was the brand from his body which was currently carved into the cross instead as a substitute for the original star.

That brand was the mark of slaves that were owned by Prince. It was not a mystical symbol that was needed for the sacred sword.

So, although he did have the sword in his possession, he was not even able to touch the sword's mysterious hidden power. Because of this, when he engaged in battles with Prince, one could very much doubt the strength he displayed as a supposed successor to the Blue Knight Earl.

"Lord Edgar, here."

Entering the room, Raven pulled out a silver pistol.

Edgar gently placed the sword on the table, and picked up the pistol. After checking for ammo, he stuffed it in the pocket of his coat. With that, the preparation to their departure had been complete.

The trip's mission was to participate in the gathering of the "Ark." It can be safe to say that after intruding the enemy's position, there's no knowing of what could happen.

And seeing as how Edgar had no knowledge of fairy magic, then even this sword of his was just an ordinary sword. Bringing such an ancient weapon to the gathering's site was really no use, so he could only leave it behind. Replacing it instead, was the pistol.

However, until now, Edgar had only ever used his wisdom as his weapon during battles. As he did not know of any magic, he could only bravely step forward without any enchanting tactics.

"Earl, are you going to go now?"

At this time, he did not know where that voice had come from, but Edgar immediately noticed that the leaves outside the window were behaving unnaturally.

"Coblynau? Why are you here?"

Edgar remembered that Coblynau was staying together with Nico at Lydia's house in Scotland.

"I'm here because the young lady and Nico had entered the fairy world together to come here. Therefore, I also used my own path to come back."

"Lydia? Did she want to come to London? What about Kelpie's magic?"

Edgar ran to the window, bringing his face close to the shaking leaves.

"She went into the fairy world in order to cross the magic wall."

"Her plan to come and see me... did Lydia think of it completely on her own?"

"It doesn't seem like that."

So, it was her usual kindness and compassion then-- that she simply just likes to be on good terms with everybody and cannot ignore anyone's disposition.

"No matter what, as the Earl, you should greet the young lady. I, by the small Bow Moonstone's request, needed to convey this message."

"I want to go very much, but when should I go, and to where?"

"I don't know."

Well that would be difficult.

"Oh, that, my verbal message...please be also bringing the Merrow's treasured sword along with you."

"Can the treasured sword know of Lydia's location?"

"Oh yes, it is because the Star-Sapphire on the sword, and the Moonstone, would be able to communicate with each other. Inquire with the Star-Sapphire. Perhaps it can also understand the young lady's condition."

"Star Sapphire? How should I inquire with it?"

Edgar had essentially never spoken with stones or such other things of that matter.

"Oh, that? I heard that calling it's name would do the trick."

"Name? You mean that I should call for the "Merrow' s Nordic Star"?"

"No, that is not it's name. That is what it's generally called. You need to call it by its true name. After all, a fairy's true name is its essence. If you call a fairy by its true name, it will be forced to reveal all of its secrets and to obey you completely. In short, it will only tell its true name to someone it trusts completely. Therefore Earl, please find out its name as soon as possible. "

"Find what name?"

At that moment, Coblynau disappeared after saying his piece, abandoning the puzzled Edgar.

He didn't know what the Sapphire star's name was, nor did he know where Lydia was.

Although Coblynau was able to communicate with the Moonstone, but because he left, it would be very difficult for Edgar now.

What should I do?

"Lord Edgar, it is time. "

He was snapped out of his reverie by Raven's voice. For now, Edgar's first task was to return safely from the Ark. He couldn't let the opportunity of invading the enemy slip away.

"Lord Edgar?"

"Let us go then. After we return, you should also help think about this little guy's name. "

Edgar stared at the treasured sword that was placed on the table as he thought about Lydia somewhere deep within his heart.

He thought, no matter what, that he had to return safely.

Chapter 4 - The Activated Trap

The curtain of night had not yet completely fallen, but the gathering on “Noah’s Ark” had already started.

The shadows of several dozens of people were gathered on the pier. Most of them were the London affluent who could afford things such as expensive tickets.

Out of the fear stemming from the disease, whether rich or poor, all had hoped for an opportunity of salvation by luck.

Therefore, in the minds of such people, the interior of “Noah’s Ark” was indeed completely isolated from the outside.

The entrance was equipped with double-decked front doors. Passing through there, the people were introduced to the next layer, which was the lower deck with a broad hall.

The windows were being blocked by shutters, and once the lights went out, the space would be filled with complete darkness.

The people confined inside could not tell whether it was daytime or if it was night. It was even difficult for people to breath in the hall, and the only things keeping them remotely comfortable were the ceiling fans.

Even the mechanical vibrations could not be felt. After reviewing the vessel, Edgar found that it was actually a reformed sailing ship. It looked like no steam power was being used. Perhaps the rotation of the fan also depended on manpower, in addition, there were no other equipment to be seen either.

It looked like the ship was a spatial shell.

The floor of the party venue was carpeted, but to those who were used to such luxuries, it seemed a little too plain.

The real value of the ship, was not its decor, but the latest science and

technology-- was what the guide excitedly explained.

He went on and continued to say that the ship had a safe ventilation system that could purify the air contaminated with the disease. As long as it was breathed in for at least an hour, it was possible to last 24 hours outside without getting sick.

Edgar confirmed the number of the “Scarlett Moon” members that were mixed in with the crowd that was on board.

“Lord Edgar, please do not drink the beverages here.”

Raven precisely said, as he had gotten a hold of an expensive glass of wine.

Edgar nodded, convinced that something must have been added inside.

“Is the room being watched from the outside?”

“I believe so.”

Edgar deliberately looked around on all sides, carefully confirming the room's few exits. He memorized the intervals between each chandelier. (?)

“So, everybody, please feel free to chat for a while, and as you wait for everything to be ready, Moses Aruba will be greeting you all one-by-one in a moment.”

As the guide finished saying that and exited from the room, Edgar whispered to Raven.

“Create a closed space. Protect the exit.”

So, Raven stealthily neared the door which Edgar had been gazing at.

Before all the gate-like doors stood two security guards. But Edgar was sure that Raven would be able to handle them easily.

Edgar approached near a candelabra. He pretended to accidentally push it against the water filled vase, putting out the candlelight.

In the corner shrouded by the sudden darkness. Edgar felt Raven ambush the two security guards from behind him.

He didn't even hear the groans of those security guards.

Only with the sound of clothing rubbing together, could he tell that Raven had succeeded. Then, he traced along the wall in order to find the entrance.

He saw that the people were concentrated into an entry hole in the main hall. One-by-one they went, lightly slipping their bodies into the door on the other side.

The dark, gloomy stair steps were connected to the bottom, but there seemed to be no figure of a person being underneath there.

"All the people who gathered to attend the party had fallen asleep. What exactly are they trying to do?"

Edgar walked down the stairs as Raven followed closely behind.

"The 'Scarlett Moon' partners should not drink the wine." "

"I hope so."

Both Edgar and Raven immediately stopped talking, halting their footsteps.

In front of them was a dimly lit room, from which they heard faint voices.

The two gathered together to observe. It was the acquaintance of Paul who he met a few days ago, and the one who had also accompanied the owner of the "Ark" Aruba at the cafe.

The two people appeared to be killing time and one began to speak.

"Is Aruba all right? How did it turn out this way."

"Well, the guy's hotel attendant also said that the man sometimes looked like he was dead. How did he completely change?"

"He used very unrefined English and said that he wasn't Aruba. Just now, he was ordering us around when he suddenly started to cry, requesting for help."

"I think that he's mad."

Edgar immediately frowned as he took in the new information.

This man, Aruba, although he was educated and brainwashed to be like

Prince, it appeared as if his soul was not completely erased.

"That Aruba's younger brother is also very strange. That kid looks as though he doesn't take Aruba seriously at all, but sometimes screams could be heard from Aruba's room? It's really creepy. Are they really brothers?"

"However, if they weren't brothers, why he would he invest a great sum of money into 'Noah's Ark'? And those passengers ... What significance do they have on that boy?"

It's Ulysses.

Ulysses is scheming something - something that involved the passengers and this ship.

He must find out what it was.

Edgar made a sign to enter towards Raven. Raven nodded and acted immediately.

"Hey, why's the venue so quiet right now? Let's go take a look. "

"Oh, really? Why don't you go?"

Although they were very concerned, the two did not appear as if they were going to leave their seats anytime soon. Just then, Raven approached the two people quietly.

They failed to notice someone was there, until they suddenly raised their heads. But by then, Raven was already right in front of them.

Raven kicked down the person who hurriedly stood up. The man struck the wall together with the chair and fainted. In a moment, he grabbed the scruff of another man's neck, pulling his face toward Edgar's direction.

"Inciting people to buy tickets for the ship and imprisoning them... Hmm, what is going on, I wonder? "

Edgar walked up to the the man who was said to be Paul's acquaintance named Greg.

"You... what are you doing?"

"What's going on with the passengers?"

"Very soon, there will be many people coming here."

"Well then, we must make the best use of the time we have left."

Taking out a pistol, Edgar pointed it at the man's forehead.

"If you don't speak, you'll lose your life before anyone shows up. Where is Aruba and his younger brother? Clearly state their plans to me."

With ice-cold eyes and a faint smile, Edgar indeed looked as if it was easy for him to pull the trigger.

Greg could feel that it was not just a threat, and deduced that if he lied, he really would be killed.

It wasn't even a bargain, and if he hesitated, he would have definitely been found out.

"I.....do not know anything. I'm just cooperating with Aruba for money.....that is it."

Greg felt that he was in a very dangerous situation. He looked frightened as he confessed those words.

"Moreover, Aruba is not here. We are only responsible for boarding the passengers onto the ship."

Edgar felt that he was not answering truthfully.

According to the dialogue these two people just exchanged, they clearly knew what happened to the passengers, which was why this guy, Edgar thought, was hesitating now.

Edgar jabbed the butt of his pistol into Greg's face.

He got knocked over, but didn't fall as he was caught by Raven. After a while, when he regained consciousness, Edgar went on to continue his interrogation.

"Then let me ask you another question, what did you do to Paul?"

He made an apparent panicked expression.

"You recently went to the Eastern district and met your former acquaintance, Paul Ferman there."

"....Paul.....?"

Greg avoided looking into Edgar's eyes and glanced at the wall behind them.

Edgar noted there was a hidden doorway where Greg glanced at. He inspected the wall immediately and discovered a gap. He shoved open the wall there.

"Raven, bring that guy over."

There was a deep, dark passage leading to the inside.

"Wait, let's not go in."

"Why?"

"Light cannot be brought within that room."

Greg panicked more. Raven picked up the candlestick from the room and began to move forward.

While Edgar was deeply thinking how deliberately suspicious the place was, he spotted another door appeared at the end of the passage, but it was locked.

Just as Edgar was about to shoot it open with his pistol, Greg shouted.

"Don't! Here's the key."

At that moment, Edgar had a bad feeling about the contents of that room. Raven took hold of the key and put the candlestick down.

The door opened. The room was very dark, and they couldn't see anything clearly but it seemed as if something was moving in the corner.

"..... Greg? What time is it now? I can't seem to tell time in this place."

It was Paul's voice.

Raven predicted what circumstance they were clearly in, and warily entered with the candlestick.

Paul was tied to a post.

He looked up to the blinding flare and absentmindedly opened his mouth in a daze.

Paul looked very pale and thin, but not like his life was in danger. Compared to that, as Edgar looked all around, he found that filling up the hidden warehouse space were large wooden crates. The unique smell they emitted, was filled with a sense of crisis.

It was gunpowder.

So that was what Greg was afraid of and panicked for. Edgar had also considered the possibility of there being oil and coal gas, but did not think so much as to there being a heavy amount of gunpowder.

"Raven, get out. "

"Lord Edgar.....this ship is too dangerous. Please hurry up and leave. "

Paul, examining the situation, also became nervous.

"You'll also be leaving with us. "

Edgar quickly got out a knife and cut the rope tied to Paul.

"But why have they treated you like so?"

"..... They are planning to sink the ship. I was directed to come here to work by chance. I was worried that this place had some relation to the diseases occurring on the East side, so I came here to investigate, but then accidentally discovered the gunpowder, so they had me imprisoned here. "

Greg must have wanted to hide the fact that the gunpowder was discovered, so he had captured and imprisoned Paul here. Fortunately, Ulysses didn't find out about his presence. And what was more of a relief was the fact that Greg formerly knew Paul, so he had not done too much harm to Paul.

Although he was utterly exhausted , Paul showed to be unexpectedly strong.

But in regards to the current circumstance, Edgar still could not understand.

"Do you need this much gunpowder to sink the ship?"

Edgar helped Paul up, staring at Greg.

Raven twisted Greg's arm, he cried out in pain and immediately spoke.

"....The bridge, they want to destroy the bridge. Those people are going to have this ship hit the stone bridge, along with the passengers as a sacrifice. "

London Bridge...?

The upper stream of that bridge is the West side of London, and being called the old city street, has a gather of the upper-class society and the duke nobility residing in that area. Because of this, the London Bridge also resisted the enemy's warship invasion and protected the capital city's fortress.

When he thought of it that way, Edgar finally understood.

Not just human enemies, the Bridge could also potentially ward off the evil fairies and demons on the wetlands of the Thames River, thereby shielding out the Eastern diseases. Lydia had said that London's magical protection was certainly the London Bridge.

Meanwhile, Edgar also very well understood Prince's plan to turn London into ruins, so he couldn't help but shudder.

For if the Bridge is destroyed, then London would surely be assaulted by the unprecedeted diseases.

"When are they going to implement this operation....?"

Greg was about to reply, when there came a loud voice.

It was the crewmen that they heard from a distance. It seemed as if they discovered an unexpected situation and hence were tailing someone.

The disordered voices getting closer were certainly of the "Scarlett Moon" members getting caught up in some sort of conflict.

"Paul, let's go. "

In any case, he had to take Paul out of there.

Raven threw Greg on the ground after knocking him out. The three people who walked out of the room, quietly began to walk back, along the passage.

But Edgar thought that if they just fled like this, it would not be considered a victory.

And as long as it was Prince, in the end, no matter what method was used, his intentions would always be to destroy the Bridge's barrier.

Even if not, since he was here, he could absolutely not let him off the hook.

The evil fae of the East side that could not enter the city, had already caused a great deal of deaths in lowlying damp slums.

And this was certainly subjected to incessantly influence not only the slum areas; the city of the labor force, as well as the economic vitality, could be lost. By that time, would other ships from around the world, also be neatly parked at the port of the Thames River? If that was to happen then London would be left in traffic paralysis, insufficient provisioning, and even food supply would become scarce.

Just merely having the "Ark" come to a stop was no hope for victory.

Once you fall into their pockets, one can only be choked to death.

That's what Edgar was pondering over when he suddenly stopped after hearing footsteps coming from up ahead. Raven swung in posture but then relaxed a little lifting the alertness immediately.

"Earl, are you ok?"

The voice belonged to the twin brothers from "Scarlett Moon", Jack and Louis.

The two of them ran to come over, and after they had noticed Paul, Edgar handed him over to them.

"Another boat has approached us from the outside, and it seems it's in companionship with the enemy. They have most likely called in reinforcements. We should quickly retreat."

"Yes, so you'll have to take Paul to escape first. "

"But Lord Edgar....you...."

Paul couldn't control his urge to make a sound.

"Go quickly. I'll try to divert the enemy's attention. The enemy's boat is concentrated on the port's left side, you escape the river from the right side."

Saying that, Edgar left.

"Lord Edgar!"

"For the matter on the ship, please ask Paul. Issue these instructions also--first gather everyone together for the battle."

Directing that to the twins, only Raven afterwards, followed behind Edgar.

As long as it was where Edgar was, even if it was hell, Raven would follow. However, it was not of Edgar's will - it was Raven's.

"Raven, regardless of how dangerous and difficult the missions I assign to you, would you be able to complete them?"

"Yes Lord Edgar, regardless of anything."

"Then, I must see Prince's main body, so long as we're caught by Ulysses, we should be able to serve that purpose. So during that time, regardless of how much you see me get beaten, do not appear until the time of necessity. I will call you myself. But before that, you must conceal your presence as you follow behind me."

It really was an exorbitant and unreasonable request. Raven was to go alone into Prince's hideout. If he was caught, he would be unquestionably killed on sight as a warning to Edgar.

"Understood."

Even so, Raven still immediately answered.

Edgar turned to look into his eyes and nodded. Then he surrendered his pistol.

"After finding out of his hiding place, inform the "Scarlett Moon" members. "

Just like that, Edgar then opened the front door that led to the deck.

Raven, staying in the original place, blended into the shadows of a pillar.

As Edgar walked, he approached the armrest of the ship's gunwale.

He was standing in the early morning mist, staring at the mighty waves rise up on the river's surface to hit the boat--his ears hearing the rowing sounds of the paddle.

Edgar had appeared to be deliberately standing next to an oil lamp's side. The light of it shined off his golden hair making it resemble the gleam of the sun. The light from the lamp should have been visible from the small boat.

Edgar moved along his eyes responding to an intense line of sight that he felt stare back at him from up ahead.

It was Ulysses.



Regardless of if it's Prince, I will not yield for anyone.

Edgar, as if to say that, contemptuously looked down on Ulysses.



The fairy world and human realm were like two separate sides of a thin cloth--like their existence appeared to be unrelated, but in reality was very closely linked.

Although the bare human eye cannot witness the other side of the world, but just as water and air may pass through fabric so easily, was exactly how fairies were also able to freely move back and forth between the two distinct realms. But even if humans were to cross over between the two territories unintentionally, that wouldn't be so much of a strange coincidence as the line between the two was so thin.

Similar to how scattered black tea on a cloth would look like, a penetration to the opposite realm would also leave a dark spot. Furthermore, what goes on in the human world could more or less also bring about changes into the fairy world.

Lydia who had been flying up into the air, being led by the Silver fairy, was finally feeling like the fae began to descend and land down. She noticed that a river lied beneath to where they were arriving.

It was the Thames River.

The river shore had no forest nor had a lawn, only utter darkness. She knew that darkness to be London's buildings complexes.

But she couldn't seem to see anything for there were no street lamps lit. If ordinary street lamps were turned on like usual, then the light should have already shined brightly throughout the main streets. But now instead the streets and buildings were completely engulfed in darkness. It made the huge city near the river bank, look like black ruins.

She discerned that, that was what London looked like from the fairy world.

From here, the figures of people nor any activity from within the city could be visible. The streets that were bathed in the moonlight shined only from the image of the opposite boundary. What was especially obvious was that the altitude of the buildings had reduced completely. Because in the fairy world, these buildings were something that was nonexistent.

The silver fae fell to descend toward the image of the street.

At this time, Lydia discovered they approached the downstream of the East

side of London, which was covered in darkness with something like squirming worms. They had now densely suffused the numerous alleys and buildings. Sometimes, it seemed as if the scenery in front of them was like a swarm of black clouds flying in the air.

That such a strange scene had been created from the fairies' magic gathering so much in one place like this, Lydia felt it indeed was incredible.

They went along the east side of the street, advancing in front of the Thames River and coming to a stop before the bridge next.

Suffused with a faint light, Lydia understood right away where the magic force was coming from.

It must have been the London bridge that protects the peace in London.

However, from where it was possible to vaguely see, it seemed like rays of the magic's light were being dispersed by an evil entity. And Lydia spotted a massive object lying down horizontally on top of the bridge.

She wasn't exactly clear of it's shape so she didn't know what it was, but Lydia had never seen such an enormous kind of black demon.

"It seems the Nightmare has not found our appearance. We will be landing at the southern end of the Bridge, be sure not to make a sound. "

Was that the Nightmare Kelpie spoke of ?

Faced with something far beyond her imagination, and not even being able to recognize the true form of the demon, made Lydia's whole body covered with goose bumps.

The silver fae cautiously flew over above the Nightmare, landing quietly on the bridge.

That was only the image of the bridge, but as she looked around, Lydia didn't feel that the realistic bridge was any more different.

The silver fairy moved toward under the bridge along the stairs, while Lydia and Nico followed behind.

As they just arrived below it, they could see huge piers standing erect there similar to a stone wall. The fairy gently touched it with his hand.

Then the bridge pier immediately opened up a hole from within it. The hole that opened into a cavern was very dark and seemed as if there was no end to it.

"From here you can enter the Saint's territory domain. Please jump in. "

The fairy whispered.

"Oh, in such a place?"

Lydia hesitated a little.

When she peeped at Nico, his fur stood up on his back and he shook his head desperately.

"Well, you go ahead first. "

"Once I go in, the entrance to the cave will shut completely. "

"No way. "

"Lydia, wait a minute! You don't even know what kind of fae he is, how can you walk into such places like this?"

"As you arrive, you will understand everything. "

The silver fae repeated, still in a desolate manner.

"Well, if no qualifications are met and if we're going to get killed because of that, you wouldn't come and help us after seeing that danger and would just remain indifferent wouldn't...."

Just as Nico was still speaking, their environment suddenly became pitch black. It was as if something had blocked the moonlight. They raised their heads and saw the great black shadow leaning out from the bridge with terrifying glowing red eyes, stubbornly staring down at Lydia.

They had been found out by the Nightmare.

"Hurry! Jump in!"

The silver fairy tried to speak hastily but at that moment the Nightmare had already stretched it's sharp claws towards them and launched it's fierce attack.

Lydia froze and could not move in fear.

The silver fae immediately rushed to get in front of Lydia and pushed her into the hole while he shouted loudly.

"Please find the arrow of the sacrificed maiden....."

What does he mean?

Lydia fell into the hole.

She could only see the back of the silver fae for an instant and the nightmare's claw as it assaulted it. But her line of sight immediately covered up soon after.

Lydia sank into further darkness.

When she finally came to, she found that she was standing in the dark cave. She couldn't find any light source within her surrounding, but in a trance could somewhat see the scenery in front of her. This was most likely because she had entered the magical space.

"Nico? Where are you?"

Lydia looked around her surrounding anxiously.

"Oh, Ah!"

There came a sound from above. There was something small and grey that was going to fall down to where she was, Lydia panicked as she made a defensive posture.

Nico came rolling down and swayed back and forth while finally standing firm on all four legs.

The fairy cat gasped for breath-- standing to get up on two legs, he then began to tidy up his bow tie, beard, and hair. Then with his hands crossed

behind his back, and with a look of attitude, he turned his head.

“That fairy, he completely regarded me as a cat.”

Yes because you certainly do seem like a cat.

“You didn’t hit your face on the ground, that’s already lucky enough.”

“That, Lydia, we were closed off in this place by him. The guy threw us hard in complete force.”

“We’re locked up, we can’t leave?”

“Yes. Only the cave and the outside are connected.”

“That being said, is the Nightmare not similar in that it cannot come in either?”

“But that guy was caught by Nightmare. Perhaps he has already been eaten by now. What should we do now that we’re thrown in this place?”

“The fairy wanted to guide me in order to bring me here. In any case, we can only do what he told us to do. His master seems to reside here.”

It wasn’t apparent if Nightmare’s striking claws brought him grave injuries or not, yet he still suffered in order protect Lydia.

He refused to disclose anything, gave no instructions on how to do the task, but yet saved her to guard a value of hers that even she wasn’t sure of. He meant no malice.

“Ah, he said we’d enter the Saint’s territory. Here, this is the Holy land.”

Lydia said, as she started to walk ahead.

“Oh, this stone which makes up the wall, is the bridge to the human world. And whoever put the little cleft in the bridge, did it so as to connect the fairy world with this one.”

The narrow cave passage was similar in complexity to a nest. It was completely hard to know where to walk.

And because they were roads people deliberately built in accordance to their

own perception, even Nico didn't know which direction to go to.

They continuously moved forward with nothing in sight but stone walls. There was also no hint from Lydia to suggest what to do from this point.

Was the fairy's master really in such a place?

But compared to that, the first important matter was of the "arrow of the sacrificed maiden" the fae spoke of.

So as long as she found it, she had the "qualifications". Once the eligibility is encountered, the fairy's master should know what to do with that.

"The arrow is the key ... the sacrificed maiden's arrow...what does it mean..? "

"The....sacrificed maiden...?"

"The fairy said that, he hoped the arrow of the sacrificed young girl could be found."

Nico stood up, crossing his arms he began to stroke his beard with a puzzled look.

"Well, Lydia. In case of the real purpose of that guy, what if it's not to have you lend them your strength, but to have you become the sacrifice instead?"

"Me, as their sacrifice?"

"He was very much willing to talk about wanting to stop the corrosion of the London Bridge. And, he probably wasn't capable before of preventing the bridge from getting washed away by the flood, so maybe he's planning on using a sacrifice in exchange for that?"

Indeed, that story was also one Lydia knew in the same way. The offering of a sacrifice for fae in exchange for immensely strong magic.

"What to do, even if I found it, what can I use to shoot the arrow with? We're going to get killed for sure!"

Nico looked around in horror.

"Also, how can an arrow even be shot in this winding cave ? "

However, the method of using a sacrifice in order to protect the London Bridge that Nico just spoke of, is probably right.

The London Bridge is the enchanted barrier that protects the capital city from the invasions of evil fae. In order to maintain its strength, it was necessary that a strong spell had to be cast on it.

Lydia had heard that the human soul being offered in exchange with obtaining the price of magic was the most valuable.

Although, Lydia herself did not have any special power to help protect the London Bridge. But as a sacrifice, she would become the price for obtaining the magic.

She would become the cornerstone of London.

Perhaps up to now, this bridge's protection foundation was all because of the countless people who were exchanged.

It was frightening. But Lydia tried to think calmly.

"Nico, if that fairy intends on using sacrifices to protect the bridge, then he is against Prince's plan of destroying the bridge. Aside from Edgar, who else has Prince as an enemy?"

Nico suddenly looked up.

"Then, shouldn't the master of that fairy be the Blue Knight Earl?"

"The Blue Knight Earl's bloodline had been cut off and that's how Edgar, who's not even blood-related, was able to become the Earl, right?"

"Maybe so, however 100 years ago,, there seemed to be a female countess who was the last to inherit the Earl's bloodline. She was Lady Gladys Ashenbert. I heard that 100 years ago, she had driven out the Royal Blood 'Prince' whose birth was aided by the dark forces. "

Lydia felt as if she should have known that. But couldn't recall it at the moment.

"So, what happened to Gladys Ashenbert?"

“I heard she had exhausted her strength and died banishing Prince into exile, and she seemed to have left no successor.”

I see.

Lydia was quite naturally able to come up with a conclusion.

“Wait... Nico, her death took place on the London Bridge. In order to have it so Prince would never return to England, she became a sacrifice to become the protection of London...”

By making use of the power of the evil fairies, she planned to crush Prince’s plot to overthrow London.

And in order to banish him, did Lady Gladys finally become the sacrifice in the end?

“The barrier of the London Bridge wards off the evil fae from London, but it has no effect on people.”

“Certainly, Prince must have already returned to his homeland. Except for fairy magic, Prince’s organization does not possess any special strength that’s exclusive from normal people.”

In fact, his Royal family status and the right of inheritance for the British throne never existed. Prince was also just a civilian. Because of this, he’s powerless on his own and hence needs the magic of the Unseelie Court in London.

In order to properly impend his plan of London’s invasion.

The former countess Lady Gladys was the one to protect the London Bridge, but who would be the next candidate to protect it now?

“So, is it that the silver fae was actually sent by the late Lady Gladys? And if this is the case then, should he not seek help from the current Earl?”

“Is he asking me because I’m the fairy doctor of the Earl family?”

“Don’t be an idiot, Lydia. It must be the talented person of the Earl’s line of

family who can carry out such a duty. So even if the Earl is a woman, they are the only ones that can be the sacrifice.”

“Then Nico Because I am his fiancée, could that may have been why I was chosen?”

Because she was his fiancée, she was technically also a member of the Blue Knight Earl's House.

Lydia's gaze fell onto the Moonstone ring she wore. Although they were not married yet, as the ring's owner, it seemed as if she really was the Blue Knight Earl's wife.

Has it become Lydia's obligation and duty to commit to protecting London, just as the late Lady Gladys did?

“We should escape quickly, Lydia. That's not your obligation. Since when were you the Earl's wife? Right now, there is no official engagement yet. You are a completely unrelated to him and his origins.”

“Yes but.....”

“You don't remember anything, right? Perhaps before you even nod approval, the Earl has already been killed.”

Maybe what Nico was saying was right. After all, Lydia herself also did not want to die here.

But more than anything, she really did want to help Edgar.

“Well, Nico, you should also calm down first. We still don't know if the fairy intends to look for a sacrifice. And besides, there is also the matter of the “arrow”, what does that mean? The fairy had said to find this “arrow”. Moreover, he said in his words he would protect me if I helped him.”

Nico sighed deeply.

“That guy has already been caught by Nightmare. He's probably dead by now.”

He said, with his hands against the wall when suddenly, he found something

that made him make a face full of astonishment.

"Lydia, you can see the outside from here!"

Because there were certain cracks in the stones, there seemed to be a rip in the enchanted boundary that encircled them, which brought upon the sense of weak air that flowed through.

From there, it was possible to see the Thames River where many ships were gathered. There was also the figure of a rowing boat.

"There is mankind's world of London."

"Other than that, if the water's tides were to rise, then wouldn't this place also be submerged in water?"

"... ...Hmm."

At that moment, Nico panicked away from the wall, grasping Lydia's skirt.

"Above-- we should start walking above ground."

"Uh...um...which way exactly is upwards?"

"I don't know, but I know that we have to get going."

Under Nico's influence, Lydia also began to run. She ran as she fought with the feeling of dread coming from her chest.

If she really did drown in the high tides, then she in reality, would have become a sacrifice.

Also, was Lydia really brought here by the will of Lady Gladys, who died a hundred years ago?

If she did become a sacrifice to protect the London Bridge, that would satisfy the Blue Knight Earl's purpose. But shouldn't the one that's entitled to carry out this task be the current Earl, Edgar?

He had already known that the bridge was an important barrier for London, therefore, what did he plan on doing with Lydia? Were his words of being engaged to her just bait to obtain an appropriate sacrifice related to the Earl's

family?

Edgar had always been like that, making use of her kindness. But even so, Lydia could not bring herself to hate him and still wanted to help him.

It felt like that same situation she was in when she helped him find the treasured sword.

And even now Edgar still wanted to sacrifice her in order to obtain a possibility of the strength that could resist Prince in combat.

And if it was true, then it really was going too far and very frightening for her. Although she wanted to, it was very difficult for her to deny it.

With the reason of engagement, Edgar made the promise to meet again. But was that just a set up to have Lydia come to London under the influence of such words?

Was it all a lie? That vision of him that she recalled-- was filled his adoring eyes and gestures of asking for passionate kisses....

And even his words to her saying “If we’re able to meet again, I will always remember you”---that promise was also etched into her mind.

Did he say such things because he didn’t expect to see her again?

I was cheated by him



The carriage that had escorted Edgar arrived at an ancient mansion that was a two hour riding distance from London.

Although, Edgar could not estimate where they passed through since he was confined in a carriage with closed off windows. But he knew that the mansion was located in a place far off from the city. Huge city walls and a great big gate that surrounded the mansion, were according to alterations that were previously made to the castle.

When he asked about Prince’s hideout, Ulysses didn’t say anything and just gave him a look of contempt. But he wondered if it was actually by Prince’s

orders, that he was forbidden of his urges to casually hurt Edgar?

He must have felt very bored then.

In any case, Edgar was carefully escorted to this place by Ulysses.

There was probably a room waiting in the mansion that would be used for Edgar's imprisonment. Ulysses looked like a mere teenager, but he was a close confidant of Prince, working for him for several decades now, and when he opened his mouth, the first words to shoot out were unpleasant twisted ones.

"That Raven will smell out this place soon enough, Lord, and then he will be buried alive with the dead for his master....You won't be seeing your bellboy anymore."

"You will not be able to kill Raven."

"But, what if you die? I'll say these words in front of you now Lord; the Prince has not condoned your betrayal nor your foul behavior, he only wants to kill you personally ' which is why he requested for you to be unharmed. And I therefore, do not wish to reduce his Royal highness's pleasure."

"Excuse me, but my intention was to kill Prince as well."

Ulysses, in order to bear his laughter, started to twist his lips.

"You not only do not possess any weapons, but also don't have any magic, do you?"

Well that's true...

Edgar showed a meaningful smile nonetheless. At that, Ulysses became even more unhappy, tightening his frown.

"This way, please. Enjoy the mood of prisoners waiting for the death penalty."
"

"That, I have already tasted."

Ulysses, trying not smile, resisted his laughter once more.

Edgar made his way into the open door. The lower half of the window was

blocked by wooden boards, and even though there was daylight, the room was still dimly lit.

“There are no lights?”

“Before, in order to escape, you created a disturbance and ignited your own room. So in order to prevent similar incidents, any heaters or sources of fire have been gotten rid of. So please endure patiently.”

Ulysses said in a somber way and then closed the door.

Since Prince had said that he didn’t intend to have Edgar live on, then did he decide on having that Aruba person become his successor?

Was he intending to use the Freya stone to obtain that man’s body?

If that is the case, then in order to destroy the essence of Prince, not only Aruba’s physical body, but also the magic power behind Prince’s existence would together need to be annihilated.

“Is Aruba here?”

Edgar asked, but there was no one else in the room apart from him. Nevertheless, he was convinced that Raven was in the vicinity, so he continued to say.

“Find that guy and tell him that Prince’s ability to give inheritance to a new successor is not unique to only Aruba-- so maybe from that he’ll start to show concern for the matter.”

Outside to where the carriage was parked at the harbor, Edgar glanced at the pile of the cargo boxes stacked high and from there saw that what seemed as Raven’s figure, about to jump on top of the carriages’ roof. Edgar immediately averted his eyes from the view.

What Raven had done after that, Edgar did not know. However, Edgar knew it was impossible for Raven to violate his orders.

The building’s security was very tight, but compared to how perfectly Prince’s

fortress was built in America, it seemed for this one, Prince had insufficient time and resources to secure it in the same way. If it was easy enough for Raven to arrive here, then invading the building should be no problem.

There was no other answer and so Edgar decided to wait as he went to sit on the sofa.

Where he was, was the enemy's lair, so Edgar wanted to as soon possible first make use of Aruba. If he was a doll under Prince's control, then he would be more afraid of being abandoned by Prince.

That can be taken full advantage of.

Edgar waited motionlessly in silence within the dark.

Minutes and seconds passed and it slowly got darker. The only thing lightly illuminating the room was the faint moonlight.

For all this, it was said that silence and darkness are one's only partners. To continue to keep on escaping from Prince's grasp in order to live, Edgar calmly waited.

The silence changed a little around him--telling him that his surroundings were not the same anymore.

Soon after, a faint noise was introduced to Edgar's ears.

He closed his eyes, trying to put his focus on his auditory nerves. It was the sound of door keys being dismantled followed by a slow turning of the knob. The door then slightly opened.

Apart from the faint rays of moonlight that came in through the narrow window, there was nothing in the room. The invader saw Edgar with his eyes closed and motionless so assumed him to be asleep.

The person that approached near, could not only be sensed by the faint sounds, but also by the flow of their breath into the air. Edgar's senses became sharp-- it was as if he could discern what the shape of the opposite party's body was and what kind of action they planned to put forth.

Edgar could feel the murderous look.

Was that person holding a knife?

In the instance a thrust came about from the other party fiercely attacking downward with their knife, Edgar opened his eyes and quickly moved his body.

The knife in the man's hand stabbed over the sofa. At the same time, Edgar pulled the man from behind and knocked him down to the ground.

He skillfully pressed down the man's wrist, taking away the knife and tightly choked the throat of the other party.

Edgar changed the man's direction towards the window to confirm his face and saw him to be a man with a black mask. That was a face he had just saw a few days ago, the face of the man called Aruba.

Edgar, peeled his mask, to confirm his face carefully. As Slade had said, his right eye was destroyed completely, and on his cheek was a large scar of a knife wound.

"Moses Aruba, was this from your own decision? You should well know that an escapade will be reprimanded by Prince. "

"Let go! I am Prince. "

He said in an arrogant tone.

"Not necessarily. Otherwise, why did you come here to kill me?"

"You... do not think for one second that I will let you get away with this."

"Is that so? Then tell me, do you have the upper hand in this position right now?"

"....Because I am Prince, chosen by destiny itself. You....will be killed in any case. I know that even if I was to kill you now, my superiors would not harshly blame me. I have it all figured out, that same vision has also emerged within my mind telling me what to do next."

That seems to be perfectly right, was what Edgar was thinking.

Had the correction of completely annihilating one's personality and implementing new education into the potential successor been complete?

But he and Prince are still not the same.

If his place as the next Prince had already been secured, then he couldn't possibly feel endangered from Edgar's presence.

Edgar would have to exploit that weakness of his.

Edgar slowly smiled and leered at Aruba. He created the same amusedly cold mood as Prince did when he decided on a brutal punishment for his captives.

"You can't replace me. Prince actually wants to have me as his successor. He need not use a commoner's body such as yours and become distant of blood ties, but become one with me, with the blood of the noble King running thick in my body."

He could see the distressed look in Aruba's eyes.

"The Prince definitely loathes me - so much so that he absolutely wants to send me to hell himself. However, if their goal of imprisoning me was simply to kill me off, they didn't have to go to the lengths of bringing me to this place."

Edgar didn't think that to this day, Prince was still insisting on his captivity for the purposes of him becoming the next successor. It should be as what Ulysses was saying, that Prince only really desired Edgar's captivity in order to torture him until finally killing him.

Because as a potential container to uphold the evil Prince's soul, Edgar was a failure.

For all this, he must have despised Edgar, and his desire to torture and kill him must have been beyond imagination. Because of this, Edgar had become an existence that cannot simply be granted a quick death.

And from the present situation, it was beginning to appear that Prince was still expecting to put shackles on Edgar again.

"I see you understand Prince very much. Did you also receive that kind of

education? Then you should very well understand who Prince is expecting as a successor next."

Aruba's face distorted.

"When there'll no longer be a need for you, do you think you'll be cut into pieces and be thrown into the sewers?"

Distressed, Aruba now looked like a scattered sight while his pale lips trembled.

".....no you're wrong, the ceremony is being prepared. Soon I will inherit all there is of that essence....."

He said, and while in a disorder of struggle, he pushed away Edgar. Then he squatted down on the floor.

He held his head and moaned in pain.

".....At the ceremony, I will vanish.....and be killed....."

He suddenly changed into a weak voice , and held up his panic-stricken face to look at Edgar.

"What sort of ceremony?"

After hearing such a question, Aruba started to become more and more nervous.

"Please, please forgive me· · · I can't say, I can't say anything, I also can't consider to say anything."

The man's look and tone totally changed.

This man was the original Aruba.

Was the consciousness written off of Aruba?

That was exactly what Greg was talking about--how there would emerge a totally different Aruba from the original personality.

"I'm your partner. Therefore don't worry, I'm not going to punish you."

It seemed as if the subordinate of Prince had executed very heavy

maltreatment to him. Then in that case Edgar thought it would be a good plan to deliberately appeal to him.

"Partners"

"I am here to help you. So I hope you would tell me what this ceremony is that Prince plans on holding?"

"Ah....help?....that is a lie.....there is a trap. I bet that that's how it is....."

"You don't want to be killed by Prince, right? Even if you don't do anything, you will be killed. Thus, even if it may be a trap, you can only rely on my help, no?"

Aruba fell silent.

The pain and suffering he felt were gone. Prince had also made Edgar feel despair like this.

However, his heart was still alive, he did not despair.

And he was finally seeking help now.

"I want to stop the ceremony. I need your cooperation. "

"That sort of thing That's impossible "

"I'm the Blue Knight Earl's successor. Previously, Prince had been expelled from England by the current Earl of that time. Matters of the Blue Knight Earl, you probably ought to hear them often while being around Prince. "

Although Aruba shook his head in a way to show his disbelief, there was a glimmer of light in his pupil. Edgar, then went on.

"So during this event, you said your soul would be destroyed and Prince would then completely conquer your body? I would like to know the content of the ceremony. "

Aruba hesitated to move his line of sight but still opened his mouth and said.

"Oh, they will use the red fluorite to transfer all of Prince's memory into the new vessel he obtains from me. Those memories would exclusively be

memories of the first Prince. They will very quickly hold that ceremony to transfer the memories by the fluorite into my body....”

“Memories? Is it not the actual soul?”

“.....I also don’t clearly understand it. What I heard was only this.....”

“After the transfer of the memory, would Prince himself still be living?”

“.....Well for that matter, the lifespan of the body of his current physicality has already neared it’s extreme limit. So for that....he wanted to obtain my body as an empty shell to which he could infuse his memories into. It’s in order to obtain a healthy new body so he can continue to command the implementation of important projects. ”

“What kind of projects? Do you mean the matters with the “Ark”?”

Aruba then confidently nodded.

If the Freya was able to transfer the memories while Prince was still alive, then he wouldn’t be able to see himself carry out his tasks.

“But, is it really able to transfer memories?”

So if Aruba could become the new Prince, it would not be strange.

While he was deep into his thoughts, Aruba all of a sudden laughed in a low voice.

“Well...the memories...when the flame of the Freya is brought amongst the two people, only then would the memories be transferred. The flame is the only thing that could allow for interpersonal communication. ”

That was another Aruba speaking. With his messy hair, he looked at Edgar with sharp eyes.

“Obtaining the memories of Prince is just the same as reading another person’s biography. Even by knowing the entire life of that person, it would just be like having the memories of that person. So, it’s impossible to become the same person as the first Prince just by having his memories. ”

“So people inheriting Prince’s memories must lose their personality, instilling

new knowledge and habits that match Prince. The education that is instilled in the person before that event takes place, will be mixed with the assimilated memories so that the person is able to become one with Prince. ”

He understood that, so it was only a matter of carrying on brainwashing one with education until the time of interpersonal communication.

“So you don’t care if you yourself are killed?”

“What will be killed will not be me. Because I am Prince. You are the failure to which the education could not be instilled into, correct? Therefore, that itself is a dissimilarity to Prince. You’re able to retain your ego’s self-awareness, so the one to be chosen will be me. ”

Aruba laughed aloud.

Then he suddenly held up an urgent appearance again, and held Edgar in an embrace by his body.

"Don't . . . Help me . . . I don't want to disappear "

Edgar caught the shoulder of the original Aruba.

"Well, I'm going to help you. "

Edgar was reminded of his previous self from the past when he looked at this man.

Because of a groundless reason, a little bit of himself was killed. As long as you were able to see the large scar, you were able to tell just how much torture he was subjected to.

The nailing pain by acupuncture, constrained to go without sleeping until reaching one’s limits, and being forced to go into hunger strikes. That was the norm to how things were done with captives. And the most beyond all bearing, was witnessing other people in the moment of their deaths being killed in a miserable manner of fear and despair.

Edgar and Aruba had personally experienced such situations in the same way.

Because of this, Edgar had wanted to help him.

"Tell me your original name."

".....My name is Charles Nodier. I was living a normal happy life, but then suddenly those people came; my wife had been killed, and the whole house was burned.

Even that was exactly the same as his past tragedy. Edgar put his arm around Aruba's shoulder.

One circumstance was different from Edgar's though. Aruba's face had to be destroyed because the organization was unable to get rid of all the people who were acquainted with Aruba. That was not in their control, so they made it so he wouldn't be recognizable.

"You don't have to do any more than this again."

Like he was moved from Edgar's strong rhetoric , Aruba lifted up his head.

"Please don't let me get near the Freya. For if I was to touch it, then I'd become immediately connected to Prince's blood and my body will respond to that as memories will flow into me. After that....."

"Yes, I know that. So it's vital to stop the Ceremony. Do you know where the Freya is located?"

He really didn't know, so he shook his head and said.

"I don't even know what that thing is, I've just explained it according to how I've heard it."

Just then, the appearance of another Aruba emerged.

Right at that moment Edgar strongly grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and drew him near to beat him in his stomach. And at that, he fainted.

"I'm sorry, but in order to keep you from being noisy, I had to tie you up."

Edgar tied up his hands and feet with his tie tightly, and in order to prevent him from making a sound, he plugged his mouth with a handkerchief. He then started to feel up Aruba's chest coat pocket and found the room key that he had conveniently taken away. There was also a tiny piece of folded paper.

It was Raven's written report. On it was a rough marking of the top room and the building's passages.

And behind it was also written that only the East Wing of the mansion had highly alert security. Besides Prince's close associates, no one else had access to go in or out.

Presumably, I'm afraid that is the room Prince is in.

Edgar picked up the mask Aruba was wearing and put it on. Although the color and stature of the hair were all not the same. However, in the dark night with only the candlestick's light, it was possible to deceive whoever walked past him.

Edgar pulled out the knife that was plunged into the sofa.

"Raven, invade the East Wing."

Even when he wasn't near, Raven was able to deliver the sketch map of the mansion. After letting Aruba set foot into the room Edgar was held captive in, Raven had already expected how Edgar planned to react. Therefore, he knew what it was that he had to do.

Edgar came out of the room and closed the door, locking it with the keys.

The guards who were to keep watch of the room already had fallen asleep, and Aruba only slightly moved his hands and feet still knocked out.

Edgar strutted along the corridor with confidence, so that even if he was seen by someone across the distance, they wouldn't think it was the imprisoned Edgar.

He decided to look for Ulysses first.

Chapter 5

On the London Bridge, the evil nightmare had nested for a while, and didn't seem like it would leave soon. The huge evil entity casually rested atop the Bridge, but people, not being able to feel its existence, were still traveling back and forth across the Bridge.

It was in the evening when the gas lamps started to spark up but horse-drawn carriages still marched forward through the north route of the Bridge as did the pedestrians.

The Nightmare had continued to steal energy from them, in order to save its strength and continuously grow bigger.

The jet black kelpie shockingly looked up at the evolving Nightmare that had already grown so huge to the point where he could no longer tame it anymore. At that, he started to stealthily depart from the Bridge.

After trying to chase the silver fairy who had abducted Lydia, he ended up at the Bridge.

It was as if he could feel Lydia's presence. But the Bridge, protected by divine magic, did not allow Kelpie to approach any nearer.

The magic protecting the London Bridge was light magic - a different kind of fairy magic from Kelpie's.

However, that magic was what protected London. Even if the Nightmare was growing more and more, the Bridge still existed as a normal looking one, hence people continued to casually travel upon it. That was because the interior of the Bridge was like a formidable Saint territory acting like a sanctuary.

Although the outside of the Bridge became vulnerable due to the nightmare's influence, the strength of the interior was still propped up with support due to the Bridge's barrier.

But despite that, Kelpie still grew anxious.

Prince and his organization still intended to destroy the Bridge with the amplifying Nightmares and also intended to have them fasten on the Bridge. If any external force was to be exerted again from outside the Bridge's barrier, it would surely collapse and the internal sanctuary, along with Lydia, would be buried alive.

He thought about who he should seek out first. He had to rescue Lydia, so there was no choice but to cooperate with that person to be able to enter the Bridge's barrier.

Although he was forced to, he couldn't think of anyone else to go to but the Earl. As he was a fae race that ate humans, he had no other human acquaintances.

"It was because of him that Lydia slipped out of town so this is that guy's responsibility."

He intended to transform into his horse form as he headed for the Earl's residence.

The pedestrians coming and going could see his physique but Kelpie couldn't care less. (?) But when he was about to change his appearance with magic, someone who was looking over at his direction, had seemed to notice him.

He stopped his footstep. There was a presence of something not human.

It was the Selkie.

"What are you doing here?"

She looked unhappy as she crossed her arms and said, "Why are you here? Oh, was it to monitor the Nightmares residing on the Bridge?"

Her dress up was still in disguise as men's wear as she locked her eyebrows. When she was still a human, she was called Ermine and had been a companion of Edgar Ashenbert. Then, after her death, Ulysses revived her as a seal fairy and she was now a part of the hostile organization.

Kelpie was neither a friend nor foe to her, but just as how most of the fairies were afraid of the water horse, she too instinctively felt that Kelpie was a dangerous creature.

Even so, she approached closer to him not paying attention to the possibility that he could eat her.

"What happened to Miss Lydia?"

In order to chase Lydia, Ulysses' hounds had come to Scotland. And the fact that Kelpie was protecting Lydia, had also become apparent to Ermine probably because of Ulysses telling her.

Perhaps then, she was also aware that Lydia had been taken away by the unknown fae.

"What, do you plan on prying into that too so you can report it back to that brat?"

Although he said such unpleasant words, Kelpie knew that she was not one to completely side with Ulysses.

While it was true she was indeed in the arms of the enemy, she also took the Earl and her brother, the Earl's entourage, in full regard while carrying out her actions.

"Reporting? I will not resort to something that would anger the organization. But, you also care about this Bridge, right?"

Was this a trade she was offering?

It was probably Ulysses who had ordered her to investigate the whereabouts of Lydia. They probably estimated that Lydia had come to the Bridge, so she came here to confirm that.

If Lydia had gotten close to stepping into the Bridge, then Ermine should know what that had meant.

"Hey, do you understand the depths of this Bridge?"

Like pondering over the words Kelpie had asked, she continuously stared at

the ground then finally looked up at him.

Then she soon opened her mouth. In order to know of Lydia's whereabouts, she knew she had to bargain with Kelpie for it.

"The death of a sacrificed young girl, became the sacred strength that protected London Bridge."

"Sacrifice"



“A maiden sacrificed her life force to protect London. But that was 100 years ago. So now, the power protecting the Bridge has weakened.”

“If....a new young girl becomes the sacrifice instead, then would the power that protects the Bridge be strengthened again? Would it become so strong that even Prince wouldn't be able to destroy it?”

“The destruction of the Bridge is still possible. As long as it's what mankind creates itself, it's possible to use the power of mankind to also break it. However, if the Bridge victims lost their lives at the expense of the protection forces, then the Bridge's barrier can remain untouched.”

Kelpie was surprised.

The silver fae intended to make Lydia the sacrifice to uphold the Bridge's barrier. Though he wasn't a partner of Ulysses, the situation may have turned out even worse.

If he did not make best use of this time, it may be too late, Kelpie was going to turn around to leave when Ermine stopped him.

“Lord Edgar is within Prince's hideout.”

“Eh?”

As he unexpectedly heard this, he stopped.

“The only person who can enter the inner part of the Bridge is the Blue Knight Earl himself or his immediate family. This means that at this point, it is only Edgar who can enter. But now, Edgar himself was constrained at the moment.”

“Where is that hideout?”

“Do you want to know?”

Although her tone sounded as if she was surprised, she slightly smiled.

She then left from the Bridge and headed off.

For the time being, rather than to defend himself after her remark, Kelpie just decided to follow behind.



The sketch on the map contained a mark carefully labeling Ulysses' room. Right in front of the large two-story room, walked a male servant and a bodyguard.

Edgar approached him with a straight posture. The guard glanced at Edgar with one eye, and averted from his view, letting him through the door convinced that he was Aruba.

Edgar gently knocked, and heard a voice from within asking who he was, but without bothering to answer, he opened the door. (?)

Ulysses sat in front of his desk with his back towards the door, seeming not to plan to turn his head.

Edgar silently closed the door and neared Ulysses.

“What is it?”

Ulysses said as he turned his head to glance at the bottom, then, thinking it was Aruba, he positioned his eyes back onto his desk.

But despite that, he suddenly must have felt that the atmosphere had tensed and so decided to stand up.

By this time, Edgar had already arrived at the back of Ulysses, and pressed his young slender shoulder down, he then pointed a knife towards the side of his cheek.

“....What.... So, you've come, Ted?”

Ulysses, who was unable to move his head, called Edgar by what only Prince used to call him when he spoke to Edgar.

“Call me Edgar Ashenbert. ”

“.....That was quite disrespectful, Lord. You disguised yourself so as to appear here and inquire about our matters?....Well my oh my, it seems Moses Aruba had unauthorized access to your room. ”

As if trying to do a funny gesture to admit defeat, Ulysses raised his hands.

Edgar, while still holding the knife close to him, forced him to stand from his chair.

"Aruba's a very kind man. Not only did he open the door with the key, but also brought in this knife."

"Did you send your loyal Raven to tell him? It is impossible for Aruba to know of your capture. This means I ought to strengthen the security around the mansion and find your entourage."

"You're in no position to do that now. If you don't want to be killed, just do as I say."

After Edgar pulled the knife away from Ulysses' neck, he held a tight post on his side abdomen.

"You know, Ulysses. Here is the gap between your ribs. If you were to be stabbed from here, the bone would not hinder a direct puncture to the lungs. Or perhaps with this angle, just a little deeper and it could even make it to the heart."

"I see, then go on with your desires."

Ulysses said, interrupting Edgar. It seemed as if he easily accepted defeat under Edgar's threat.

But although he said that to seem as he was submitting, he certainly intended on waiting for an opportunity to reverse the current situation. But whatever the case, this was Prince's hideout. The only close companion he had around was Ulysses. Considering this, the situation around Edgar really was dangerous. (?) Instead, it seemed like a race against time for Ulysses to see how he would prevail. (?)

Because of this, Edgar knew he had to act as soon as possible.

"Take me to the place where the Freya is located."

They left the room in unison as he walked side-by-side with Ulysses while retaining a calm expression that wouldn't raise suspicion that something had happened.

They went through the long corridor linking the mansion to the east side of the building. According to Raven's report, the front door of that entrance was closed tightly and was equipped with guards from both the inside and the outside of the doors, even the window ways had personnel. From these circumstances, it was clear that the enemy was being very cautious.

But everyone after seeing Ulysses' face, just got out of the way and opened the door.

"Master Ulysses, only you alone have the authority to pass through it. "

"I have acquired the permission of his Highness to bring him along. "

Ulysses said, as he entered the room together with Edgar.

Just as how the guards stated Ulysses' exclusive entry, there really were no other personnel around within the room.

It was a hall as broad as two wings, and it was surrounded by ancient paintings. Ulysses stopped his steps.

In the center, stood a high metal dome structure engraved with the ground just like a snap-on.

Moreover, only a small window overlaid the peephole.

"The Freya is in there. "

If one was to stand in front of the window to peep in, a glass box could be seen resting on top of a metal table, the box which housed the red stone.

That was the Freya stone which was stolen from one of Edgar's territory villages. Only the flame colored, deeper part had been incised from the stone shortening it to something as small as a plum. However, removing the excess surplus red from the Freya made the stone exhort an even more beautiful appearance like a burning flame.

The strange thing though, was that the gleaming ray of the stone could be seen emitted out from the dome. It was just like a frozen flame of a candle-- it's shining glory spouted from the rigid light.

"Open it."

"Only his Royal Highness can open it."

Was that true?

"Do you want to go to where Prince is like this?"

Ulysses made a twisted face. Certainly, Edgar also would not like to be seen by Prince.

"Lord, if you are smart enough, it should be very clear to see that even with me as a hostage, it would make no difference to his Royal Highness."

Indeed, if it was Prince, then even if his subordinates were taken as hostages, he would have no problem abandoning them and watching them being killed.

But even if the people in the organization understood their master to be one as such, they would still follow him loyally.

And as to why it was as so, Edgar didn't know. But could it be that they weren't submissive towards Prince to seek benefits, but based on the belief that the legitimacy of the Royal family had been expelled?

For all that, Prince's subordinates were ones to not fear death.

"Are you asking me to spare your life?"

Edgar smiled, while Ulysses gave him a very reluctant stare.

Even Ulysses did not want to die in vain.

Because of this, he had brought Edgar to this place and was actually afraid to go to where Prince was.

"Well, Ulysses, you should be able to open it. The Freya stone is what conceals the fairy magic. And the only one in the organization who can handle fairy magic is you. But the transfer of Prince's memory into Aruba is also executed by you, isn't it? It isn't something that can be done without your help so you are someone who should be allowed to do so."

Ulysses felt the knife go up against his waist and sighed as if he was admitting

defeat.

"Moses Aruba, I'm guessing he was surprisingly very talkative."

Ulysses reluctantly approached the metal dome.

"A total of twenty two locks, are not so easy to open."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, then, one-by-one inserted the suitable one into the hole.

Edgar was thinking while staring at him.

This is the Freya stone that was stolen from the village of the Wrym. And the Freya, has already been mined from the village in the past once before. It cannot be mined again.

The Freya stone that was mined in the past, is still probably in good condition to put into the market, but the fluorite is relatively weak, and unlike other gems, it can be preserved forever so finding another one like this special one, should be very difficult to do.

And a magical Freya at that, is even more rare.

It is precisely because of this, that Prince intends to use the Freya to recover his position and continue his legacy.

And if this is the case, then the next time he uses the Freya on Aruba, I'm afraid, is the last.

But as long as he's no longer here, Prince would perish in his deathbed, and the entire organization would collapse.

"Lord Earl, I'll say this in advance, to take possession of the Freya is a very difficult task to do. Its magic is now already in its activated state, having become something that's unbreakable and generally, if an ordinary person was to touch it, they'd be burned to death."

Ulysses, as if trying to turn the tables in his favor, said that lightly.

Aruba had said that if contact was to be made with the Freya then, his blood would elicit reactions and then memories associated with Prince would flow

into his body. In addition to the reactions that his human body would elicit, there would also be reactions of flames.

"In the Freya's conservancy, is stored Prince's memory. The core of the stone which controls the dark magic, can be commanded. As you know, demons are intended to be guided to destroy London. But the Freya stone, in Prince's will, will call on them to launch the aggression. The order can only be withdrawn once he inherits everything of the first 'Prince', and only certainly after Aruba becomes the same character as the present Prince. So Lord Earl, you are not qualified to execute it."

"Really, I thank you for your advice. However, since Prince's survival depends on replacing the physical flesh, then should the same method also not apply to you? If that's so, then the present you were also once destroyed like Aruba's personality."

Ulysses chuckled under his breath and quietly smiled.

"What are you talking about? That is not the case with me. Don't forget, I inherited the blood of the fairies. Even in the absence of the Freya, with only the body of a healthy descendant, I can transfer my memories and forever survive."

The magic of the Freya is the magic of fairies. Ulysses had inherited the blood of the Blue Knight Earl, so even if he did possess such power without the stone, it was not inconceivable.

But a fairy's life span was very long. It was not necessary for them to sacrifice descendants in exchange with longevity, the supposed descendants and other people were merely ravaged by this method, and this regardless of anything, easily brought into light how humanity was abusing fairy magic.

"But the Blue Knight Earl's family had banned the use of magic."

Ulysses said, suddenly impatient.

"And as if that wasn't enough, the bastards in order to not have the family descendants possess this magical ability, even if such persons were born, they

would also be dispensed with such a technique that would make their ability vanish before they grew up. Of course, my strength was also almost taken away.until I was saved by his Highness, Prince. It was because of the strength of his Royal Highness, the dark fairy magic, that the shackles of the Earl family were unlocked. Because of that, I was able to forever continue on to hold such power. ”

So Ulysses just decided to follow Prince because of that.

But Edgar still couldn't understand. Was it not the initial Prince who had helped Ulysses?

“Isn’t this ridiculous? Ulysses. You ruthlessly mistreated Aruba didn’t you? However if he became Prince, would you faithfully follow him?”

“I’m not following him, but the greatness of ‘Prince.’ ”

Ulysses said, as he stopped his hand inserting the last key.

“I’m sorry, Lord, time’s up. No matter who plans to go in there, the guards will have to report it to his Royal Highness. His Highness should have already been informed, I cannot allow Aruba’s absurd behavior go unnoticed. ”

By this time, there rang out a sound of gunfire. Edgar immediately dropped to the floor, and Ulysses used the gap that opened between them, to quickly escape.

A series of gunshots were flying overhead and hitting the metal dome. Several men came running into the room, and Edgar, to avoid the continuously flying bullets, hid behind the metal dome.

“Do not shoot!He’s without any weapons, get him!”

At Ulysses’ voice, the gunfire felt silent. But the next moment, their screams could be heard. Edgar rose up, and what reflected his eyes was the sight of a dark horse who had attacked the men.

“....Kelpie?”

“Earl, hurry up to get out of there!”

Human weapons could not harm such a fairy. Kelpie didn't seem to care to face the direction from where the bullets were coming from. He kicked and bit Ulysses' men.

How did Kelpie get here?

Although it was still not clear to him, Edgar took advantage of the chaos to try and slip out of the room.

"Hey, he's over here, hurry and grab him!"

While they gathered towards him, he started running faster while trying to avoid them.

A man suddenly came into his view to block him.

Just when Edgar planned to pull out his knife, the man had already hit the floor.

"Lord Edgar, forgive me."

Raven seemed to apologize for appearing before being instructed to do so. But given the current circumstance, it didn't really matter to Edgar.

Edgar nodded, and urged him to enter the next room.

They bombarded the furniture against the door, observed the room around them, but there didn't seem to be a good hiding place.

"Raven, you're just asking for trouble now. I said it was fine as long as I wasn't going to be killed right away. Conceal yourself for me right way."

"But there is still gun firing. Even if they don't plan on killing you right away, a stray bullet could also be very dangerous."

"Shhh, be quiet!"

Where there was furniture piled up against the door, came the outspread of a voice. Kelpie slowly appeared in front of them with his dark curls falling over his face as he turned back into his human form. He walked over to Edgar's side.

"Listen to me, do not make a sound nor any movements. Don't bump into

anything either."

He wanted to make every attempt possible in order to undermine the sound of shock waves that could echo from the room. Kelpie set up the staggering cabinet that was about to fall off.

They would soon be captured from here, so Edgar could only do what Kelpie had asked of.

Whether or not they could trust Kelpie, Edgar was still dubious of as he nodded. And at the instant he tried signaling to Raven with his line of sight, the door was destroyed as men came pouring in.

They raised their hands while holding oil lamps to slowly illuminate the room.

The striking light had come up close to Edgar's eyes, but it seemed as if the man thought of his figure as a chair or some other object within the dark room, and so didn't notice him standing there.

There were several people turning everywhere in the room and Edgar and Raven held their breath during each occasion. Kelpie's physique could also not be seen.

There were two men that occasionally brushed their shoulders, but the men still didn't seem to notice the existence of the two people.

Their only options seemed to be to either escape through the window somehow, or to slowly slide along the wall to the next room. It seemed as someone made a call to them, so the men rushed out. (?)

After no one else was left in the room, Edgar managed to catch his breath while he watched Kelpie slowly reveal his figure.

"Lord Edgar, please be careful."

Raven said, in an alert posture.

Why did Kelpie want to help him? He was the one who wanted to take Lydia away to the fairy world. He should be regarding Edgar as an obstacle for that.

Coblynau had said that Lydia sneaked out from Kelpie's magic walls in order

to come to London secretly.

It would have been understandable if he went to seek out Lydia in this situation, why did he appear in front of Edgar like this?

As Edgar was thinking, he felt the feeling of a bad omen which made him fall nervous and he instantly got up.

“Kelpie, it couldn't be that something happened to Lydia could it?”

After looking back at Edgar, Kelpie quickly diverged his line of sight. Although he didn't want to have to say it, there was no other alternative.

“It seems she was taken to the London Bridge by some kind of malicious fairy she didn't know of. The inside of the Bridge is a domain protected by the Saint's magic that's between the human and fairy world so I can't get in.”

“So....I'm the only one who is able to enter?”

“Yeah, so I'll tell you where the entrance is. But it's not that simple to enter, and regardless of the method you use, you're responsibility is to bring her out safely in one piece.”

Edgar thought Kelpie's condescending attitude of being thinking to be Lydia's only protector was really disgusting.

“Even if you need not say that, I am well obliged to, because I am her fiancée. No matter how I do it, I will make certain of her safe return.”

With hearing Edgar emphasize on the word “fiancée”, Kelpie angrily curled his lip as words casted away from his mouth.

“I don't plan on befriending you, it's just that there's no other way. (?) The Bridge, due to the nightmare's weight, is about to collapse. The downstream of the Bridge has already been flocked with all kinds of evil faes, and although it's just barely holding up now, I don't know what kinds of other external forces would exert it more. (?)”

Edgar was suddenly reminded of all the cumulate gunpowder within the “Ark.”

If Prince's plan was implemented, then the the Ark which was full of gunpowder would crash into the Bridge and London's protection will collapse along with it.

"Why was Lydia taken to such a place?"

"She's a victim. It's because even if the Bridge is physically destroyed, the enchantment of the holy land forces can still be maintained at the expense of a sacrifice. Therefore, it seems Lydia was chosen as a sacrifice for the sake of the barrier's protection."

"But why should it be Lydia who needs to become a sacrifice? And what kind of fairy exactly was it that took her away?"

"Who knows what that thing was. That's all the more reason to rescue her at once."

Right at that moment, Edgar's mind started to run as he started collecting his thoughts together.

In short, it was first necessary to prevent the danger of the Bridge's destruction, so it was necessary to tackle things from two aspects.

He had to first stop the "Ark" from crashing into the Bridge and at the same time, prevent the invasion of the Nightmare as well as any attacks from the evil fairies that gathered in the Eastern district.

"The matters with the Ark have already been entrusted with the "Scarlet Moon" members." Because this was a man-made ship, it would be very tough to make it stop, so Edgar had great expectations in them.

But how could he stop the assault from the evil fairies?

"Kelpie, coming together at the lowlying damp slum areas in the Eastern end are evil faes especially of your kind. Can't you do anything to stop them?"

"Those same type of fairies as trash, how can you compare them to something so noble as the aquatic horse? (?) "

"Well, if it's rubbish, then can you get rid of them?"

"There are too many. Mankind can also not stop those small insects of large clusters. However, there seems to be a powerful Goblin that's leading those tiny army of insect faes. So probably, just stopping the master Goblin itself would cause the insects to lose their centripetal force. "

"Lord Edgar, it seems Prince was able to obtain the power of the War Goddesses. "

Without being required to, Raven opened his mouth to interrupt, but it was most likely because of the firm belief he had on the matter.

"The War Goddesses? The Diopsides which have the spirits of Macha and Nemain sealed within it?"

"At the time I was investigating the matters with the "Ark", I repeatedly saw hooded crows flying in circles over the London Bridge. "

The spirits 'Macha', 'Nemain' and 'Morrigu', who took the form of hooded crows, were the incarnates of the Goddess of War Badb and it was said that she was extremely powerful and she could move the tide of battle to her favored side and promise them victory. She was a Goddess in Celtic Mythology. Prince had obtained two of the spirit-held Diopsides already. The third spirit and last spirit resided within Raven's body and was oppressed and prevented to show through control of Raven's body.

Because Raven had the same Diopside's power within him, he was able to detect the other two spirits of Macha and Nemain.

"The Goddesses are only said to follow the one who is in leadership of the battle. They wouldn't act upon someone as Ulysses, but to the will of Prince, who puts forth the instructions. "

Kelpie said. Edgar thought of the words Ulysses had spoken of.

The Freya that would harbor Prince's memories, could be commanded by its core which contained the dark magic. And Prince had already put forth the order to turn London into ruins by using the power of the Freya's core. So even if Prince was buried, and the Freya was obtained, that still would not change

the situation so much. In order to stop the aggressions of the fairies, Aruba would have to completely obtain Prince's memories, only then would they stop.

However, once he'd inherit the memory, Edgar was afraid that Aruba would then be fully assimilated into the being of Prince.

If that's all true, then he really wouldn't want to kill Aruba either because he promised to save him.

Then, the remaining method.....

"Lord Edgar."

Did Raven also anxiously call out to him because he saw Edgar's pondering face which looked like he was faced with a dead end?

"Oh, it's nothing serious, Raven."

Edgar made an effort to make a pretense of a very calm appearance.

"Kelpie, if Prince expressed the will to request the Goddess to have the plot exterminated, would the evil faes also disperse? "

"Do that, and the evil fairies that are gathered together would surely spread out, rather than an achievement, it would be more of a great loss. However, compared to its usual power, the forces should become a bit weakened."

The anticipated result cannot be obtained like that though. Nevertheless, in order to try to stop Prince's plot, and in order to protect Lydia, he was only left with the option to give this method of his a try.

"There's no time for excessive thinking."

In order to persuade himself, Edgar lifted his head.

Now was certainly not the time to hesitate. He settled on his decision and then broke into a smile.

Kelpie, can you act according to my instructions?"

"Huh?" "Me? Why is that?"

"In order to save Lydia, aren't you willing to cooperate?"

"Well....."

"Probe the enemy's circumstance for me first. Just now it's unusually become fairly quiet. Rather than to just seek us out, they may be plotting some action instead. Then find Aruba's whereabouts, and report his current condition to me. And if possible, bring him to me."

Kelpie reluctantly hummed from his nose.

"You remember this. Agree to this beforehand that once Lydia is found, she will return to being under my protection. Even after rescuing her, as long as my spell on Lydia remains unbroken, she will not remember agreeing to marry you. Good gracious, how can she possibly get married to a guy such as yourself."

After those words, Kelpie left, his figure disappearing into the shadows.

Kelpie was not in the room anymore, and Raven, not knowing why, resembled a look of disbelief as he looked at Edgar.

".....Is it really true?"

"Huh?I'm sorry?"

"It's nothing."

Raven said, turning to move away his eyes from Edgar's.

Because of what Kelpie had said, he came to believe that Edgar and Lydia did in fact come to understood each other's intentions and heart. But before, when Edgar had announced that Lydia agreed to marriage with him, let alone Raven, but not even the Butler believed in that.

And to recall it, when Lydia gave consent to marriage, it was only Kelpie who was present at the scene.

"Raven, is it perhaps that you still do not believe it?Lydia really has accepted my proposal of marriage."

"I'm sorry."

After hearing his frank apology, Edgar at last was also taking his leave.

"Congratulations to you, Lord Edgar."

To be sincerely congratulated like that, he finally felt relieved.

But because he was just a little comforted, Edgar sarcastically expressed a wry smile at Raven's delayed blessings.

Even if in the future, she's unable to recall that moment between them, it was the truth that Lydia had once truly accepted his proposal. And as long as such a moment that once happened still remained valid, he felt that that alone would be enough for him to be redeemed.

Whatever he did from now on, would entirely be meant to protect Lydia. Even if he had to lose everything to achieve this. That's what he felt from his heart.

*

"This club forbids ladies to go inside, please go back."

"I just want to speak with the representative director."

"The current representative director is not present at the moment."

"Well, perhaps there's someone else I know of inside that I can speak to."

"I already said so that the entrance of females is forbidden here."

"Who do you think I am? Even the pirates immediately quieted down after listening to the cry and screams of a child. (?) In brief, I have an urgent matter."

They were at the entrance of the high class "Moonshine" Club. The Bartender stood before the decorous black front door arguing with a euphoric and frivolous young girl.

Paul, in order to enter the club, approached the entrance and saw that there was a woman who was arguing over about wanting to see Slade on some

matter, hence, he wanted to take a closer look at who it was.

She was a strange female. Her tone of speech was informal, and her hair was carelessly tied up, she seemed like a woman from the lower-class but wore clothes of luxurious goods.

Even if it was Paul, he also knew of the fine craftsmanship of lace covered with glass beads.

"I heard from his servant that Edgar usually comes to this place, it was that servant that looks like a very fat fish."

Paul, who was just about to step in, could not help but halt his footsteps.

"You know of the Earl Ashenbert?"

She turned around, and her face lightened up as she hurriedly ran up to Paul as if to embrace him.

"Yes. Hey man, if you know then hurry up and tell me. Where is Edgar?"

Paul suddenly wanted to very much run away, he was thinking that she was probably one of Edgar's women that he twiddled with.

It was a common practice for the nobility to keep a girl from the lower-class by dressing her up. That, he had also often heard. If that was so, her odd mannerism and disproportionate clothing were understandable.

Such a thing would surely soon become a rumor amongst the "Scarlett Moon" members, and if it spread to Lydia's ears, then matters would really become serious.

Lydia's hostile attitude towards Edgar was because she knew that there were a lot of women that Edgar courted.

Paul started to emit cold sweats in front of the strange woman.

"Well, Miss, the Earl is not here."

He backed away a step as he tried saying that.

"So then where is he?"

“That.....”

“He would not be in a woman’s bed would he? That bastard--saying he has a betrothed while at the same time still paying visits everywhere else in town?”

“Oh, do you know the Earl has gotten engaged?”

“Although there’s no credibility in what that philandering man has said, but.....”

In other words, she really didn’t believe it. Paul thought that Edgar must have said that in order to part with her.

“He probably went to meet with that fiancée of his.....therefore you... ”

He tried persuading her that she’d best give up.

“Yeah that’s probably accidental, is the betrothal really true?That guy is so horny, can he really be together with only one wife?”

Her brow furrowed more and more tight along with her face that approached Paul’s direction gradually in a looming way.

“Well, that.....”

“Hey, you do know where that guy is right?There’s only the housekeeper at his fiancée’s home. And Edgar’s butler also said that he didn’t come back yesterday. This is indeed very suspicious.”

How she was even able to sniff out Lydia’s present status, Paul did not understand. Not only that, but she had also been going in and out of people’s homes too. It doesn’t look like she planning on parting ways with him this easily, is she going to compete with Edgar’s fiancée?

Paul became more and more rattled and wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

And after seeing Paul’s distressed appearance, she became more confident in her own ideas.

“Could it be that he started to look for a woman to play with again?Then what he told me with much seriousness--he really was able to lie about. If he ever

crosses my eyes again--I must beat him up!"

"No, oh, no."

"So where is Edgar, is he here? If he dares to come out, I'll make sure to prevent that marriage of his from happening."

Imagining Lydia get dragged into this mess, Paul couldn't think of what he should do at this point, he then hurriedly escaped into the front doors of the club.

"Oh, wait a minute"

Paul had a look back at her and saw her intending to catch up with him as she was stopped by the Bartender at the front door, he then turned his head to run up the staircase.

He ran to the second-floor's conference room, shut the back door, and let out a sigh.

The members of the "Scarlett Moon" had already come together there.

"What has happened, Paul?"

"Oh, no, nothing."

"Did you see the Police Department?"

Paul had just come back after visiting the Metropolitan Police Department, where he had received information from an officer that Edgar was very familiar with.

They had found out that many people were imprisoned within the "Ark". Although some people had hoped that it would raise investigation, the fact was that all the people who were imprisoned, boarded the ship on their free will. It seemed that the higher ups of the Police force were attempting to stop any investigations to impend on the "Ark".

"This is so easy to buy, and I bet it's not just me who thinks that. (?) "

The Officer that Edgar had bribed from the police department, who was usually responsible for providing information, had said that while sneering.

"With that said, that means there's only us left who can deal with this. "

Slade sighed.

"So what is it that the Earl is so fixed on doing at that place?"

For Edgar to have entered the enemy's fort alone, Paul was very worried over.

After learning of Paul's disappearance, not only did Edgar return from Scotland right away, but also went to seek him out from the secret room of the "Ark" on his own with only Raven. Whether it was Paul, or the "Scarlett Moon" organization, Edgar had never exploited any of them as pawns for his selfish desires. But instead saw them as partners with common objectives. Although initially, Edgar had left some bad impressions on Slade, and even offended him on some occasions, the two were still able to overcome that and he had recognized Edgar as the leader of the organization.

There were also drawbacks to Edgar's sincerity as well. Edgar excessively provided guardianship and tried protecting his partners to the extent of putting himself out there as bait for the enemy, that indeed was something very worrisome.

"Raven's pigeon returned with a letter saying that Jack and Louise just started to head to Prince's hideaway with a young companion of Paul's. (?) "

"No matter how it is done, we must with all strength , take control of the Ark's trends. "

"Hmm...."

Since Paul did not use any weapons, he could only put his brain into use to stop the "Ark."

He was also very concerned about Ulysses' subordinate, Greg, who had a possibility of becoming imprisoned in the Ark. Although Greg had done despicable things, he still did not want to witness the death of an old acquaintance while not being able to save him.

"How could we obstruct the ship? "

"Since the enemy is on alert more closely now, invasion will be difficult. We can only intercept from the outside. "

We'll be needing a large ship. "

"Something as a ship cannot be ready in such a short time. "

That was right. They'd had to first hire a sailor for that, and then more importantly, was the matter on how they would get the hired sailor to attack the "Ark".

Just when all had fell silent, there was a ringing of a female's voice

"I, I have a boat. "

Everyone raised their heads. Paul looked up to see the girl he had just met, standing before the door.

"You, you....how are you here... "

Paul anxiously stood up.

"Oh if you're referring to the Bartender at the door then, I knocked him out. "

Her eyes swept across the stunned men, as she began to walk in.

"I see you're all Edgar's partners. Does there seem to be a troublesome matter right now?"

"Paul, who is she?"

As Slade asked him in such a low voice, Paul could only answer.

"Ah umm...she is probably the Earl's mistress. "

"What?""

"Hey man, I'm sorry, but I overheard a little bit of your conversation and just wanted to make clear that any relationship of me and Edgar, would be regarded as a sin, and although I'm busy, I may be able to help. (?)"

As the young girl said that, she casually positioned herself in an empty seat and kicked her feet up on the armrest.

"The Ark is a suspicious ship at the Thames River. How would you like to do this? Do you want to sink it?"

She must have heard of Edgar's circumstance to some extent, which was why without any hesitation, she willingly joined the meeting for the combat.

".....Earl really likes a wide range of women. "

Slade grunted. Paul sympathetically nodded too.

"Hey, is there a cigarette?"

The young girl asked the man next to her. Wanting a cigar from him, she skillfully confirmed it's fragrance and bit the cigar to pull it from his mouth. (?) Then she pointed it to a nearby candlestick as she lit it.

"Well what do you say? Are you going to count me in as a partner?"

"As a precaution first just in case--let's hear about it, what kind of ship do you possess?"

"We have the 'Destroyer' of the Netherlands. Although she is small, she's light and fast. Even in the complicated hustle of the River's course of waves, it is still able to move freely."

"Isn't the 'Destroyer' a warship?"

"Since it was retired from service, it does not have any cannons. "

Slade told her to wait for a little bit, then everyone gathered in the corner of the room to discuss the matter.

"What should we do, Mr. Slade? "

"If there is a ship that we can find, then the precise conditions for combat can be established. "

"Can she be trusted?"

"Do you think she is the enemy's spy?"

"Well I think that since the Earl's butler told her of this place, so then he too should know of her and trust her. As long as we confirm this with the butler,

then it should be understood...."

Paul didn't have much confidence on the matter as he said it.

However, everyone else began to get excited.

"Be it so. She should be alright then. It looks like she really wants to help the Earl."

"But if we just order the Earl's woman around, won't that cause trouble for us later on? Hasn't the Earl recently got engaged?"

"The....handling of relationships with women, let's leave it to him to attend to by himself. Since it's his area of expertise."

Indeed, If Edgar's words were to be of certain, then, Paul wouldn't be in such a panic. (?) And what would happen if they met Lydia at that place? The more Paul thought of it, the more uneasy he felt.

Compared to all the women who got the Earl's frivolous treatment, Lydia was just a pure little girl. And although he said that Lydia agreed to marry him, as long as he kept such associations with young women, then would the marriage not likely fall?

For the Earl to obtain a peaceful and happy life, was also Paul's wish. And for that to happen, Lydia had to be the person beside him. Moreover, if Lydia in turn can also be loved rightfully, then she should also obtain a peaceful and happy life.

Although he did not plan to marry with such females and was only acquainted with them for the fun of it, it'd be uncertain to say for sure that his wife would even approve of such relations. (?) But if such matters occurred before the marriage, then there surely would be disturbances.

However, despite Paul's such fears, the "Scarlet Moon" members' opinion remained unchanged.

"Yes, Miss, what is your name?"

Slade asked.

“Lota.”

Blowing out smoke, she smiled slightly.

At that instant Paul suddenly had a strange thought, with such an arrogant attitude, the lifting corners of the eyes, and slight dimples appearing as she smiled, Paul thought she seemed very cute.



Edgar and Raven hid under the blackness of the stairs, as they waited for Kelpie’s return.

They investigated the circumstance of their surrounding and saw that there was no one in sight.

Ulysses and his men had stopped searching for Edgar, as it seemed they intended to plan on doing other things.

If there was any affair that was taking place, it was most likely the ceremony in which the Freya would be used to transfer new memories into Aruba.

Ulysses must have figured that he could draw Edgar out from hiding effectively once the rituals of the ceremony took place.

Perhaps the ceremony was scheduled to be conducted this evening. If this was the case, they originally also had planned for Edgar to witness it as well.

Then as a result, he would present himself there exactly at the right moment. If that was his own fate, then there was nothing that could be done.

Edgar thought the current matter was certainly not a finished one. (?)

He thought he should clearly dialect towards Raven beforehand so he could understand.

When he called Raven’s name in a small voice, he felt the youth slightly move in the darkness beside him.

“Raven, for the matter after this, I will not be ordering anything from you. So, you’ll have to be using your own judgment.”

As he faced the pupils of his eyes, Edgar could see the mysterious reflection of a faint light in the far off distance which illuminated the deep green color to his eyes.

The deep green symbolized the spirit's unification with Raven that laid dormant inside of him.

"Yes." He blinked his eyes and answered in a low voice.

"However, I have only one request. It is not an order, but my wish."

Raven didn't seem to discern the difference between the two, but Edgar went on to say anyways.

"In any case, protect yourself first."

"My duty is to protect Lord Edgar."

"If your safety is not be certain, then I also have no way to remain calm. I beg you, Raven. It's perhaps because I feel that this battle is worth too much, so my heart must be firm and not lose determination, therefore there can't even be a slight hesitation."

Though Raven still appeared as if he did not understand, but because he did not say anything, he probably must have already agreed.

Raven was to originally become a warrior of the Royal family to follow his tribe. He was born with the inherited symbol of the evil spirit that resided deep within him. Even so he did not choose the lineage of the Royal family, but instead Edgar as his master.

When Raven was taken from the hands of the Royal descent and brought to Edgar's side, Edgar had to take into consideration that one day, he would also have to terminate the master-slave relationship with Raven.

He indeed had also once thought of that too. And although Raven usually was near Edgar's side assisting him to many kinds of places, Edgar thought he ought to have been elsewhere, living a different life.

However, now he didn't hold such a thought, he wanted to believe that even

if Raven regained complete independence, he'd still want to continue on to be his master.

This was the basis of their master-slave relationship. It wasn't that he objectified Raven and thought of him as a natural subordinate, but it was a relationship of complete integrity. Edgar thought that regardless of what choices he'd make from now on, he would always want Raven by his side.

"Earl, come out, there's no one in the vicinity."

It was Kelpie's voice.

"What's going on in the interior?"

"Prince, Ulysses, and all those who work under him, are assembled in the Hall. There was that new vessel who was also being transported there to that bell shaped structure where the Freya is."

"Aruba?"

"Oh, yeah, that so called person was also beaten with a whip to be taught a lesson. I stole a moment to get near him and heard that guy casually mumble, saying something about wanting to help the Blue Knight Earl. But as soon as Ulysses approached, he'd suddenly become just like any other subordinate and expressed pleasure with a smile as if he wasn't distressed at all."

Knowing that he would finally become one with Prince, he would have surely trembled with happiness.

But the real him, was still awaiting on salvation.

With having no justification for being kidnapped, being confined into a jail cell, and falling in the depths of despair losing all glimmers of hope, was how Edgar had lived.

"Aruba is also in the Hall."

"Good, then let's go."

Edgar looked Raven in the eyes, then stood up.

"We must enter. But the Hall is strictly being patrolled by malicious fairies."

“So, you must be also looking at my help for that matter too.”

Edgar just planned to walk ahead after hearing that but Kelpie caught him from the shoulder.

“Earl, do you really want Lydia so bad?”

He asked that in an unusual emotional tone filled with desperation.

“For you, what’s really important is the battle between you and Prince, therefore you only exploited Lydia. The Sir has also thought as such.”

“And so you probably also think that.”

“Good gracious, basically there are no means to trust you. As long as you are able to eliminate Prince, would you also be able to tend to Lydia’s feelings? (?)”

“If I say no, would you believe it?”

Angered by that, Kelpie stepped in front of Edgar and grasped him.

“.....that would be good, so absolutely do not die. (?) Although Lydia was not able to remember any words of marriage, she still escaped out in order to see you. Therefore, if you die, I will not spare you.”

Because she said she had wanted to see Edgar again,

therefore, Kelpie, who was Edgar’s rival, had actually told him not to die.

Kelpie was being purely considerate for Lydia’s sake.

Such words had provided strength for Edgar’s heart.

But he thought that for the sake of Lydia’s feelings, he could not ever lose to that guy.

He then politely lifted Kelpie’s hand from his shoulder to the side.

“Kelpie, I will most definitely obtain victory!”

Members from Prince’s organization, were fitted neatly into black long gowns

as they arranged themselves within the Hall. Wearing hoods similar to what the monks from the medieval times wore, holding candles, they entered the Hall. However, it was a ceremony of black magic that was being held, and since there was the absence of sorcery and goat blood and everything else to that sort, it rather made the contents of the ceremony incomprehensible for a person.

Edgar and Raven were also dressed in the same gowns, mixing in between the others. That was after they removed two of the members and took their places instead, of course.

They snatched the gowns of the two people and shoved them in a heating stove that had not been used for many years. They should not be found for the time being.

In short, most of the staff should have been focused on in the Hall, and there only seemed to be a few other people within the mansion. (?)

Centralized in the Hall, was a dome shaped structure like an upside down bell.

The glass container that had the Freya within it was locked layer upon layer.

A Throne laid deep behind the velvet curtains. There was a figure of a man sitting on top of it.

It was Prince.

Compared to when Edgar had last saw him a few years ago, his head was covered with white hair now as he wore a mask to hide his face. It was just as how previously when Aruba had worn a mask, but this time, instead of just covering one eye, he covered the full half of his face. What was only exposed, was his lips and bearded chin.

The burns he suffered seemed to only occupy one part of his face--the hidden part. Before when he intended to kill Lydia using the substitute shadow he created, his entire face was wrapped in bandages. He had suffered from skin cancer.

He naturally laid aside his hand on the broad armrest wearing black gloves, and on top of them he wore a ring with a large gem embedded in it. He sat with

a straight back and strong physique, it didn't seem as if he was just an old man unable to walk. The man who Edgar had been acquainted with even long ago, was the same unchanged man as now.

But more important than anything else were those eyes hidden behind that mask.

He could not clearly see them from where he stood, but could only feel their sharp gaze, desolate and arrogant, the eyesight that had the ability to foresee one's fate and cause insanity amongst people. They were exactly those eyes.

He was like the tyrant of ancient Rome, the leader and conductor of his organization who dominated everything by instilling terror.

Even with being separated and seeing his enemy after so long, Edgar's blood still boiled the same way.

With having Prince right in front, it was not easy for him to retain composure. Edgar's feelings were driven by deep hatred and so he wanted to pounce right at him without a moment to spare.

He tried his best to persuade himself that he could not win against him like that, as he tightly clenched his teeth.

Even if he was being blended within so many people, such a strong effort would surely cause Prince to detect his presence, so Edgar had no choice but to tame his emotions of hatred.

For all this, he had already become a different person from whom he was before.

He believed that he did not come to this place for the sole reason of personal vengeance,

He came as the Blue Knight Earl, in order to complete his duties and obligations as the Lord of the fairies.

And also in order to protect Lydia.

As Edgar recited her name over and over in his heart, he found that he

gradually calmed down.

Because she earnestly wanted to see him again, and because she even slipped away from Kelpie's magical protection to seek him out, Edgar made a firm resolve to win.

Although he watched Prince's shadow from afar, as he only kept on thinking about Lydia, Edgar was able to gradually restore a calm state.

He saw that occasionally, Prince's fingers lightly trembled, and it became evident that his physical condition was not so well off.

It seemed that just maintaining such an intimidating posture had withered away his strength with no effort to spare.

With that said, in order to prepare to take control of this important period in London, to command the organization, direct the ceremony, and to declare war on the current Royal family, were tasks all requiring the presence of a strong and young "Prince."

Edgar averted his vision from underneath his hood to Prince's surroundings as he confirmed the positions of Ulysses and Aruba.

In order to keep close to the flame fluorite, Ulysses was standing next to the metal dome where it was being kept.

And in the opposite direction placed in a chair, wearing his mask, was Aruba just sitting there.

Edgar looked around and saw that he had been struck by several close associates of Prince, who were also surrounding the Freya and Aruba.

Ulysses took out a string of keys and then glanced at Prince's one eye.

Prince slowly nodded as he ordered him.

At that moment, the Hall had become silent.

The Ceremony had begun. The silence was filled with depressing gloomy air due to the large black gowned group.

Even as the metal dome illuminated under the candle light, it still emitted a

sinister light in such an atmosphere.

Just like last time when he did in front of Edgar, Ulysses inserted the keys one by one into the keyhole. There was only the sound of metal collisions echoing around in the Hall.

The sound had rung for the twenty first time now. The upcoming sound of the twenty second key turning, had also happened without any problems arising and this time, the front door to the Dome slowly opened.

The members of the organization who watched from the sidelines since did not produce any sound, did not also seem to feel that an astonishing appearance was before them.

The Ceremony carried on with much silence.

As Ulysses walked into the Dome, he hastily picked up the glass case which held the Freya and then turned to go back outside.

Aruba stood up from the Chair.

Now was the awaited moment. Edgar and Raven handed each other a sideways look.

Then Raven nodded slightly.

After getting the confirmation, Edgar immediately ran out into the Hall, and at the same time, gunfire echoed the room.

Raven firing two gun shots around the area was the cause to the commotion.

The members who wore the long black gowns, in response to the gunfire, mixed up their orderly queues they were positioned in.

Ulysses attention was drawn to the chaos therefore by the time he detected Edgar's presence, it was too late.

Edgar making use of that gap, fiercely rushed towards Ulysses, making the two fall down and hit the floor together.

Edgar was able to grab hold of the glass box.

But as Edgar pressed down on Ulysses, he only laughed knowingly. (?)

“This is not the real thing, it was merely set up in order to have you specially come here and seize it.”

At that moment, someone had already come up behind Edgar and pointed a gun to his head as if ordering him to stay put, he was then forced to release his hands from Ulysses’ body.

The man who pointed a gun at him removed his long gown and pinned Edgar to the floor with just a single knee.

Edgar reluctantly turned to face at Prince’s direction and saw that the abominable man was smiling.

“Ted, I really should commend you for your efforts. But unfortunately, your efforts have angered me. Letting you escape would be very regrettable for me. But before we set you to your demise, we shall allow you to witness the instance of my rebirth.”

Prince’s hand stretched into his coat, and what he seemed to remove from it, he threw on the ground.

“Aruba, pick it up.”

Rolling on the carpet like a burning flame, was the fluorite stone.

It passed by Aruba.

It is said once touching it, the Freya that transfers the memories would cause a reaction within the blood and then instantly allow the memories to flow into Aruba’s body.

Even if the real Aruba did remain in the body, he would also be completely eliminated without any resistance.

However, compared to the Aruba in the past, this person was now dominated by the aspiration to become Prince’s personality.

“Stop, Nodier Charles!”

Edgar shouted out his real name.

“Be a little stronger! Do you want to kill yourself?”

For an instant, Aruba looked to the side and then all around his surroundings, then while his knees trembled, he sat back down motionlessly.

“Earl.....save me.....”

But was pulled back up and dragged along by two men towards where the Freya was, his wrists were captured as he was forced to press on the stone.

Aruba was barely resisting as if his old self was gone. (?)

The man who was behind Edgar suddenly loosened his grip and fell back, onto the floor.

Raven removed his hood and in his hands, held a knife and a pistol, as he stood defending Edgar.

Edgar immediately ran to retrieve the fluorite stone.

He immediately rushed over and pushing aside the men holding Nodier, Edgar slowly reached out his hand to grab the flare fluorite.

“No, Lord, stop”

Ulysses' voice was filled with fear, but Edgar had already settled on a decision.

Similar to Aruba and Prince, Edgar also had a blood relationship to the Royal family.

So it should have been possible for him to claim the intentions and powers hidden in the Prince's memories contained in the fluorite.

The core of it was what caused the evil fairies to obediently obey. If he first got hold of that, he could have the fairies stop their aggression at their own will. He was determined to use that method in order to weaken the power of the attack on London Bridge.

He had nothing to be confused over, Edgar tightly held the Freya in his hand.

He felt the intense burning of the stone.

The blinding light of the stone spilled out from his fingers, and proliferated in

an instant.

Edgar couldn't help but open up his hands. He saw that there was no trace of the Freya in his palms, it had only left red burn marks on his skin.

The memories of the first Prince should have flowed internally into his body, but he felt nothing of the sort. Perhaps the change would slowly take place, he thought.

But more importantly, he had other matters to still attend to.

While the surrounding people still remained shocked, Edgar grabbed the pistol from Raven and aimed it at Prince.

".....That was quite impressive. Ted, I should have killed you quickly right at the moment you betrayed me."

Prince's facial expression was not visible under his mask, however, his euphonic tone of voice didn't falter in the slightest.

"But, you did not defeat me. The curse of the exiled British Royal Family, and the deep hatred of the executed supporters, will all fester in your body from now on. This is not something your strength would be able to overcome."

"No matter what you say, you're already finished."

Prince, as if at very much ease, laughed aloud, and seemed to have been enjoying the unexpected situation.

"Ted, I know you swore vengeance against me for the sake of living on, disregarding any circumstance. You were born to stand above the crowd. And because you refuse to spare anyone who steps on your pride, you have only come to loathe me. That arrogant soul has already unconsciously awakened. So you should be able to realize that even if you acquired this throne, you still would not be content with your status."

"I am the Blue Earl Knight. It is now, and will also continue to always be my pride in the future too."

"Is that so?" Prince muttered this and then just as how he had previously

taken out the Freya from his coat, he pulled out a pistol from there.

Edgar knew that he was just revealing it to intimidate him and that he did not intend to pull the trigger. As he was thinking this, Prince suddenly turned the gun towards his own head.

“You can't kill me.”

After saying that, without hesitation, he squeezed the trigger.

Blood splattered on the chair, and Edgar's enemy bowed his head, never moving it again.

And he unexpectedly concluded everything simply with that.

While still gripping the gun, Edgar's arm hung down.

The Freya had disappeared. Therefore, a new Prince would not ever appear again.

And if Edgar's original personality had not been destroyed, then he refused to believe that he could receive a “memory” which corresponded with someone else.

The Unseelie court from the East end must have felt the commandment, and so their will to attack had also vanished. And their magic had weakened.

If they can weaken their attack on London Bridge, Lydia could be rescued as well.

He understood after that, that there in fact was some similarity he possessed-- a firm resolve. (?) Because of that, Prince's last words still weighed heavily on Edgar's mind.

Could Edgar ever really completely exterminate Prince's existence?

Something had surged into his body.

Raven got closer and tightened his security in vigilance when right in front of his eyes, Ulysses and the other members positioned themselves in a single row.

Edgar contemptuously observed the situation around him, seeing that all in

the Hall had knelt down together.

“Our Highness Prince who will inherit the future England, we take an oath to his Highness, to offer our loyalty forever. We ask you to accept us. ”

It seemed laughable really. They were just wholeheartedly serving the old man a moment ago, but as they witnessed him become a corpse, they did not bother to show concern for him again.

Edgar caught the uncanny sight of Ulysses lowering his head to his chest, and then dragged him to pull him up.

“Now stop the 'Ark' and the evil fae of the East side. ”

“I cannot do that. ”

Ulysses did not peep to look up at Edgar as his lips formed a cunning smile like he did in the past, instead, he answered in a strange manner.

“The fae obey the ‘Prince’ from the contract and have come forth responding to his summons only. Even if we stop summoning them now, to suddenly try and constraint them given their quantities, is not something possible to do. ”

“Then the ship? It's manipulated by humans. ”

“This plan had been organized for a desire of many years now. It is impossible to abolish the order. But let alone that, the ship has already left the pier, and since no consideration had been given to the possibility of calling off the ship when the plans had been made, there is no means of contacting the ship. ”

“I see, then I'll have to stop it on my own. ”

“Do you not want to let that important fairy doctor of yours become a sacrifice? ”

As Edgar was just planning to leave, he couldn't help but stop his footsteps.

Could it be that Ulysses had known where Lydia was and about the matters of her becoming a sacrifice?

He frowned, fixing his eyes on Ulysses.

"In the past, the sacrifice was made by the last of the Blue Knight Earl's descendants, Lady Gladys, and as a result, Prince and our whole organization had been driven out from England."

"Then Lady Gladys is the protection of London Bridge...."

"Yes. The capital city of the British empire had been saved when Lady Gladys exchanged her life in order to obtain the power that would maintain a strong barrier. From 100 years after that, our Organization had been accumulating much strength, and on the other hand, the role of the barrier to protect London against magical enchantment had gradually been forgotten. And with that, the power of Lady Gladys has also weakened. Now it is possible to make it collapse right away. This careful planning will achieve the desire of his Highness and our organization to reassemble our colony in England."

Gladys, in order to fulfill the responsibility of the Blue Knight Earl, not only exiled Prince but also became a victim and lost her life?

"However, at the London Bridge, the servant of Gladys is still alive. Her fairy is the one who seeks out new sacrifices in order to strengthen the power of the enchantment. Did he only bring over the fairy doctor because she was your lover?"

Edgar was stunned.

Kelpie had said that Lydia was taken away by an unknown fairy which took her near the Bridge's barrier.

That should have been Gladys' fairy then. And he brought her over with the reason of her being the fiancée of the Blue Knight Earl.

So the fairy thought that, becoming a sacrifice to strengthen the barrier is her responsibility too.

Lydia would be killed, not by Prince's organization, but for the reason of being Edgar's partner, a member of the Blue Knight Earl's family. Edgar was in great shock from such a fact.

"Can that girl's death really guard the barrier of the Bridge? To be able to

control the nightmares on the Bridge, and aggression of the evil fairies, a considerable force is required. Her power cannot possibly compare to Gladys'."

He had been in pursuit of Lydia for so long, and had somehow also finally obtained consent for his marriage proposal. Instead of guarding her, the obligations of the Blue Knight Earl had been imposed on her.

Edgar thought that the situation was really too absurd. Was it necessary for Lydia to die in order to protect the London Bridge?

"Now that you are the Blue Knight Earl, will you raise awareness of the barrier's protection at the expense of sacrificing your lover? Since there's already no chance to rescue the fairy doctor, a possibility to once again guard the barrier of the London Bridge may rise. As part of being our 'Prince', please contribute to the destruction of London. In order complete the operation."

Ulysses was apparently trying to persuade Edgar to give up so he kept on talking nonstop.

Moreover, when he smiled, he also revealed a little bit of that same stubborn and rude manner as he did in the past.

"You just said a little while ago that the Blue Knight Earl was your pride. How about you show what kind of pride is it now? I'd really like to see that once more."

Enraged, Edgar violently beat Ulysses again.

The young boy was overthrown on the top of the floor moment after moment, but no one stepped forward to help him.

Perhaps notwithstanding "Prince's" violence like this for them, was no matter of concern.

Ulysses helped himself climb up, and as if he was apologizing for his rude behavior, he knelt down.

This time Edgar didn't look back as he left. It was if Edgar's back figure towards Ulysses was loudly stating,

“You hold the key to the fairy world for as long as you could, you’d even hold tight on the hope to completely shatter the Earl’s family. For this reason precisely, is why the people who would like to obstruct us, should become nonexistent.”

Raven brought the still absent minded Aruba along to have him follow them as well. The crowd hurriedly parted to make a clear path for them.

“We shall await your return, Your Highness.”

Chapter 6 - Name of that Star

When Edgar finally arrived at the London Bridge, it had already been midnight.

The quiet bridge floor was immediately illuminated by the gas lamps.

Because Edgar was not able to see the Nightmare or the clusters of the Unseelie Court, he was unable to realize any signs of the bridge collapsing.

He could only see the innumerable ships anchored downstream of the Thames River; the countless herds of masts and chimneys were very striking. While watching the sight, he realized at the same time that “Noah’s Ark” should have also been there, amongst the numerous ships.

While that should have been the case, the ship carrying the hostages appeared to have actually vanished from London’s downstream of the Thames River. There had been a possibility of it lingering throughout the vicinity of Greenwich, but it was unknown as to when it would return upstream to London--this was the news report from the “Scarlet Moon” members that had reached Edgar when he was still at Prince’s hideout.

Even if it currently had not been visible from the London bridge, it was possible that the ship already embarked on returning.

When Edgar came out from the hideout, the “Scarlet Moon” members had already surrounded the building waiting for the opportunity to barge inside.

They were shocked and rejoiced as they saw Edgar had returned unscathed, and gladly accepted the report of Prince’s death.

At that time, Edgar didn’t want to tell anyone of what situation had taken place at the hideout, he thought it would be better to keep such a matter to himself. (?)

“Lord Edgar, you’ve waited for a long time.”

It was the sound of Raven's voice. When Edgar turned his head around, he saw that Raven was standing beside him solemnly wielding the Merrow's treasured Sword.

He then suddenly remembered it was upon Coblynau's advice--to have Edgar bring the Merrow's Sword along in order to meet with Lydia--that he had asked Raven to bring the Sword back to him from the manor.

Edgar didn't understand what good use it was for. He also couldn't find out the true name for the Sapphire's Star either.

Although he was feeling such things, it was said that the Sapphire Star from the Sword, and the Moonstone from the ring, could be interlinked, and so perhaps it would be rather easy to locate Lydia's whereabouts.

"Aruba, no, has Charles Nodier regained his old self?"

"He was entrusted to Mr. Slade and the Scarlett Moon members. I have also informed Mr. Slade to ignore him if he were to claim to be Prince."

The present Aruba was absent-minded like an empty shell--perhaps he found it difficult to accept that he had not become one with Prince.

"Anyway, the current problem is whether the 'Scarlett Moon' members can stop 'Noah's Ark'."

After Edgar had taken hold of the Sword, he took a long look at it before placing it into his coat.

"I have already conveyed the order to them to stop the Ark no matter what. Ms. Lotta somehow also offered to help."

"Lota? Has she already returned?"

Lota had said that since Lydia and Nico had already left Scotland's small town, she had no further reason to remain there and so wanted to return to London to meet with Lydia there.

"Ms. Lota offered to help using her own ship to attack the Ark. I've met her at the manor, but at the time she was shamelessly pestering Mr. Tomkins about

needing a cannon.”

“Cannon?”

“Mr. Tomkins said, just in case, it needed to be confirmed with Lord Edgar whether they could purchase the cannons or not.”

The funds for the “Scarlett Moon” were of course provided by Edgar. The Butler alone was granted the authority to judge the value of the Earl’s purchases, overseeing the family’s money management. However, the urgent matter for the cannon put him in quite the turmoil.

“However Raven, ‘Noah’s Ark’ is carrying gunpowder, and there are numerous hostages as well. It cannot be bombed carelessly at random, does Lota understand that?”

“I think she ought to understand. Ms. Lota is well-aware of the ship. She knows where and where not to attack in order to avoid damage that could possibly obstruct it’s sailing. I believe that as long as the damage to the ship was not along the part carrying the gunpowder, she can perhaps stop the ship efficiently with the cannon.”

“I see, then convey a message to Lota. Whether it’s a cannon or a piece of something else of the sort, I’d be happy to give you any type of iron you want. Ah that’s right, it’s because lumps of steel would suite you better than any gemstone.”

“.....Would you like me to convey it in this fashion?”

“Of course.”

Raven slightly lowered his eyebrows at that. And perhaps Lota’s fist would also come flying at him soon.

But without retorting, he nodded his head and diverted his attention, looking beyond the Tower of London.

“Has the Hooded Crow Goddess come yet?”

“Although I cannot see, I am able to feel it. But I do not feel that anything

particular has changed in their behavior. ”

“So it is, then the Nightmare and the evil clusters of fairies would also be settled. ”

“They haven’t changed because they can’t feel Prince’s will. ”

Out of nowhere, Kelpie had appeared, sitting on the parapet of the Bridge.

“However, some have already managed to climb up a part of the Bridge, so it isn’t possible anymore to expel them all. In short, the bridge will not last for a long time. ”

Edgar didn’t know of a way to disperse the fairies. However, now that Kelpie had said it was impossible to settle on the numbers, then the general approach should be very difficult to be any effective at all.

Even if their luck was good and were somehow able to have Lota stop the “Ark,” it would only be a matter of time before the bridge collapses; he could only concentrate on bringing Lydia out safely first. But if he did that, then perhaps the strength of the bridge would collapse without a proper sacrifice.

And if that were to happen, then Prince would see no setback to implement the plan of London’s destruction.

Certainly, Edgar didn’t want to get involved in Prince’s organization. He believed that he absolutely had to only be the Blue Knight Earl.

However, it would not be at the expense of Lydia’s life.

“Kelpie, did you find a way to get in?”

In order to hide from the eyes of the Nightmares and enter into the Saint’s domain, Kelpie sought out for the entrance.

“Oh, I forgot to mention, the only person who can enter are those of the Blue Knight Earl’s family. ”

Seeing Raven’s expression turn into a concerned look, Edgar nodded to him as if saying it would be alright.

“Well, Earl, what’s your plan?”

"What should I do in this case?"

"Before you go in, I want to confirm something first."

Kelpie had never demanded to know of anything from Edgar in such a stern manner like this before.

But Edgar could still discern why he did.

Kelpie had also accompanied them to Prince's hideout, and although he did not enter the Hall where the Ceremony took place, he still was able to perceive all that had happened there.

Because he knew Edgar was not the same as before, he was also naturally cautious.

As far as Kelpie was concerned, Edgar should be a person whom Lydia shouldn't trust more and more, however at that time, his eyes witnessed Prince's men come out the Hall on Edgar's command when he had just said one sentence.

"Don't betray Lydia."

He wondered in what way he had meant to not betray her. For a while now, Edgar had been considering their current circumstance.

He wondered if she really would end up becoming a sacrifice like Lady Gladys and die. Or if she was rescued, would he then abandon London into the upcoming imminent calamity?

"Hurry up and tell me, where is the entrance?"

Kelpie steadily stared at Edgar and suddenly lowered his eyes.

"Eh..... How can I just say it like this... Damn it, you've also cheated me several times before."

Despite his objections, Kelpie really didn't have any choice in the matter. This was the Blue Earl Knight's Holy sanctuary, so aside from Edgar, no one would be able to lead Lydia out from it.

"I really don't understand what Lydia is expecting. After she met you, she

started to want more, was unable to let go of the world of humans, and even if you left, she'd still follow behind in order to return back to such a guy like you. But now, you're not even the same person as before. ”

Kelpie lowered his head as he said angrily.

Even if Kelpie was unhappy about her, to Edgar, to hear about Lydia acting like that made him want to love and cherish her more.

Because even though the magic made her forget him, Lydia still wanted to stay by his side. When she agreed to marry him, it was because she didn't want to leave Edgar in despair and all alone.

So even if he was the Earl no more, he was still longing to meet Lydia once again. He retained his sanity keeping in mind the fact that, that was what made him different from the original Prince.

"I will definitely protect Lydia. ”

This was one answer that didn't cause any turmoil at all. Edgar intended to protect Lydia to the end. He'd protect Lydia more than himself, more than London, and even all of Britain.

But he felt such a viewpoint was perhaps wrong, because once he gave up the conviction of the Blue Knight Earl, he would surely be defeated and may even awaken Prince's memories.

Therefore Lady Gladys, if you want accomplish your long-cherished will of the Earl family, claim my life on the line.

As Edgar grasped the treasured sword, he felt the star sapphire radiate a glorious, calming light.



“Water--the water is also flooding this side! Nico!”

The two had already since long been pacing the maze-like channel back and forth. In the magical space that they were in, the fluxion of time there, and the human world appeared to be quite different. As she paced back and forth, Lydia

often penetrated the gap in the stone to observe the time outside, in order to confirm the rise and fall of the Sun.

In comparison, Lydia felt that it had only been a few hours since the time she had arrived at the place and now.

Though it was only a few hours, Lydia who was sauntering everywhere, was utterly exhausted and in the end relied on the wall to sit down.

"I cannot keep going. I've been moving to everywhere in here but cannot find anything."

Nico was also exhausted and sat down motionless.

"Ah Ah . . . I'm hungry."

After hearing him say that, Lydia tried searching the cloth sack in the seams of her coat. In addition to pulling out the London travel expenses, she also managed to bring out little bits of biscuits.

"Do you want to eat them?"

Lydia handed Nico the biscuits.

As long as she was in the fairy world, Lydia would not have the sense of hunger. Even if she felt it, she would only know it to be an illusion. So even if she did not eat, she would not die, but on the contrary, if she were to eat the food of the fairies, then she would have no way of returning to the human world.

Rather than the biscuits being food Lydia's own self, they were gifts to give to the fairies as gratitude for their assistance.

But being in a place such as this one, let alone people, they couldn't even discover as much as the shadow of a fairy.

"There's only this."

Nico grumbled as he nipped on the biscuits.

"I really wanted to drink hot black tea. To eat freshly baked scones covered full in honey and jam. Along with roast beef, dripping with gravy. Mashed

potatoes with lots of butter, and vinegar marinated salmon. ”

“Fairies do not eat such things. However, these herbal biscuits are particularly the best hospitality for your kind. ”

“Those guys, despite being in happy smiles seeming like they aren’t dainty eaters, they purely have no consciousness of what’s given to them. ”

The unusual fairy cat who liked human food too much, mumbled on.

“Oh, the water seems to be receding. ”

“Is the tide ebbing slowly? ”

“There’s a small hole under these stone steps. ”

“Ah, let’s go take a look. ”

“The inside has not yet been investigated. ”

“I don’t have anything anyways. We can only be locked up now, waiting on our deaths. ”

Nico drooped his ears as if he lost his strength.

Lydia looked hopelessly at Nico, her heart had once again suspected that Edgar was deceiving her.

In order to fulfill her responsibilities as a fairy doctor, she provided help to Edgar so that he could overcome Prince-- that, she believed was more important than anything else. And because Edgar made an agreement to meet again, Lydia willingly embarked to London.

She wanted to see him, and had hoped to remember about him soon. She wanted to know what kind of feeling she had when she accepted his proposal. This matter was what concerned Lydia the most in her heart, and what had urged her to slip away from the small town.

However, she also could not help but wonder if that was also part of Edgar’s plan.

“No, I cannot die yet. ”

Lydia struggled to stand up on her legs.

No matter what the case was, she hadn't seen him yet, therefore she couldn't just die leaving many questions still unanswered.

If he really did deceive me, and we don't get to meet again, then I wouldn't be able to beat him mercilessly.

Lydia, harboring this thought in mind, intended to concentrate on finding a way out.

She saw that the water level blocking the passage was gradually going down. Lydia went down the stairs, entering the transverse hole they had just discovered. Nico, utterly exhausted, was also following the trail as he dragged his footsteps.

The stone stairs continuously extended downwards. Lydia then suddenly saw the stone wall collapse, revealing a hole the size of a fist. She stood firmly, intending to look outward from the peephole.

" Watch out!"

At the same time Nico shouted-- a claw-like thing flew in. With a pierce, it pulverized the stone walls.

Luckily she escaped in time and so she Lydia didn't get cut in the eye by the claw. But although she had backed away from the wall, it was still too early to feel at ease.

A crowd of black, hideous little fairies peeked in from the broken pieces of stone, happily laughing.

She thought it was no doubt the work of the dark faes.

Their gaping, split mouths were lined with saw-like teeth as they were grinning. They gathered near the hole in noisy disorder, and began crushing the stones with their teeth and claws, intending to invade.

Shortly after, the bridge seemed to quiver.

From the wall of the ceiling, small stones kept on falling down.

"Lydia, these idiots are planning to destroy this place. "

Lydia and Nico hurriedly escaped into the inside of the channel.

At that point, the back of channel collapsed in an avalanche, completely burying the passageway with stones.

".....isn't it impossible for the Nightmare to enter the Holy land here?"

"But their numbers are too much. Before we entered here, we did not witness any at that time. The clusters of the Unseelie Court have already completely overtaken the downstream land. And now they're raiding the Bridge. "

The ward which protects London, the holy land which resists the evil fairies, is now reducing a little.

"So, is the London Bridge going to be destroyed immediately now?"

"And even if it is unknown how much of the Holy land's strength still remains, it is only a matter of time before that is overcome too. "

Nico with drooped ears, lowered his head while saying that hopelessly.

"Oh, I really wanted to eat a delicious fish meal again before I died.. "

"However, we must urgently search for the arrow of the sacrificed young woman. "

"Even if it were found, we will still become sacrifices. "

"But you are a cat. "

".... That also does not matter. "

Even after being told of the truth he did not ever deem fit, Nico did not appear angry at all, but instead looked very defeated. Lydia could only agree with Nico's sense of crisis though.

The feeling of the space being corroded by the power of the dark fairies, was gradually growing unceasingly.

Though Lydia stood strongly with her chest up, she actually wanted to simply kneel down and cry.

At this time, their vision was constantly shaking about. Along with the vibrations, she did not know where, but the sound of a collapsed avalanche bellowed as well. And then there came the violent crushing sounds of the water.

"Eh? What is that?"

"Lydia, the water!"

They saw the water currents come pouring into the narrow passages.

They had to run out as quickly as possible, but the road ahead was a downward slope. Rising waters appeared vigorously and unceasingly sailed in, rushing towards them.

The waters, just like high tides, started to accumulate on the sides. If it was accumulating in that place and had suddenly collapsed, the water would come flowing down hard in just one breath.

If that happened, there would be absolutely no way to escape the currents.

As she was pondering over that, a voice resounded from above her head.

"Lydia, here!"

Edgar leaned out the top of his body from the transverse hole above.

How

"Edgar?"

An illusion? Or is it a trap? Although she was still in a state of a dismay, Lydia still ran without another thought, and in order to grab hold of his outstretched hand, she stretched her arms with great effort.

He immediately caught her. But the water that had been drawing near, had already caught up and was now going to engulf them completely; Lydia could do nothing but close her eyes.

Then just at that moment, Lydia felt her body forcedly lifted up, while the flow of water rolled over the stones past her feet.

She began to sit down on the dry ground, finally opening her eyes in a struggle. At that moment, ash-mauve eyes were fixed right in front of hers, peering down at her.

"It's such a relief, I was able to make it in time."

That elegant tone, sweet-happy voice-- without a doubt belonged to Edgar.

"Ah, I'm all drenched!"

Nico, who had caught onto her foot while Lydia had been raised up, was dripping wet. He shook his body to fling off the water.

Lydia couldn't tell whether the present Edgar was real and was still staring at him motionlessly.

"I had wished to see you so much, Lydia."

As to be expected, without any second thought, he held Lydia in an embrace.

"I have come now so there's no need to be worried. We can get out from here right away."

"Penetrating between the crack of the human and fairy world, tell me, what else can you do?"

Edgar ignored Nico's mumblings, as he gently caressed Lydia's hair.

His long, slender fingers slid into the strands of her hair--the touch of pity mixed with warmth and softness; it made Lydia feel as though her chest grew feverishly hot and her vision suddenly blurred.

Warm teardrops streamed down her cheeks.

Why am I crying?

She was initially going to give him a severe beating, but now the feeling to raise her fist completely disappeared.

Although it was unsettling, now was not the time to be crying carelessly. But In spite of her thinking that, her tears uncontrollably spilled out of her eyes.

".... Why are you here?"

Lydia asked incoherently as she still remained on the ground.

"I'm here to save you."

"Liar"

"Are there still any other reasons?"

"Do you intend to use me as a sacrifice?"

"Ah?"

"Please, Edgar, don't lie to me"

"Lydia, I'm not lying."

"You've done this before. You pretended to be kind to me, but it was only to have me assist you with your affairs."

".... So, you still believe that I took advantage of you in order to use you?"

Lydia bluntly nodded her head to which Edgar showed an unexpected facial expression.

"Oh, so then I previously held no credit for you?"

As if he was attacked, he worryingly scratched his golden blond hair with his fingers.

"So When we first met, I gave you the impression that may have indeed been the worst. However after that, in order to make you trust me and to become an earnestly good man, I have been trying hard."

"A-Are you speaking the truth?"

'How is it possible?', Nico murmured in a low voice.

"So, Lydia, please, you mustn't cry. I'm so sorry to have you cry like this, to have you frightened like this. I came here to protect you. That is the truth."

Lydia wiped away the tears in her eyes in hopes of having them stop pouring down her face. However, the tears willfully filled her eyes again.

"The words that I spoke may not seem very trustworthy....."

“.... No, how can I say it... it doesn't seem like that.”

If he intended to deceive her, it would have been impossible for him to be here now in such a state. Moreover, Edgar was genuinely worried about Lydia and appeared to have been happy to be able to see her again. Lydia clearly felt that was the case, but she did not understand why she was still crying.

She couldn't let him see her like this, so Lydia began to move her face away. But as oppose to that, he gently lifted her face, and stretched out his fingers to wipe away her tears.

Lydia looked into his longing eyes, and the dazzling golden blond hair that fell on his eyelash-- she was nearly enraptured by him. Her tears began to stop unconsciously as she looked up at him.

It became evident that the reason she could not hold back her tears before was because Edgar had suddenly appeared in front of her, because his figure had finally reflected her own pupils, so she could not help but cry in such a relieving moment.

All along she had been thinking that there was no way of meeting him again.

But she continued with the thought that she could absolutely not die before seeing him once more and giving him a good beating. In that unfolding moment, she no longer felt terribly suspicious and fearful, but rather in that moment, was reminded of their reunion that she frequently envisioned-- becoming intertwined with the sweet feeling that always clung to her.

Edgar really hoped to see me again. Her heart had continuously harbored such doubts.

Although it was true that he spoke words of becoming engaged to her, Lydia began to understand that, such words were genuine, and not a trick in order to take advantage of her skills during combat. She was afraid she seemed very very foolish to him for sneaking out of town in order to earnestly try her best to be of help to him.

She had fretted that the matter of herself being treated as a sacrifice, was

perhaps Edgar's true intention all along. The thought never left her mind and it made Lydia afraid to meet with Edgar again.

The thought of him never intending to see Lydia again and just abandoning her,

was the most horrible and frightening thing of them all.

She was afraid of longing to see someone who had no intention of wanting to meet with her.

"It doesn't matter, we've already properly met now."

A kiss fell on her forehead, and she was once more held in a warm and gentle embrace.

Edgar is right here.

His promise to meet was not a lie.

Lydia struggled to finally realize that he in fact really was right in front of her, and so she suddenly began to blush and become shy.

To cry in front of him, along with speaking words like a petty, spoiled child, it really was too much so she felt ashamed.

"To be embracing like this, I'm sorry, Edgar. I find it a little strange. I am probably very confused."

"I see. To be trapped in this stuffy and unpleasant place for such a long period of time, it's not a surprise you'd be feeling like that. However, you do believe that I was looking forward to seeing you again from the bottom of my heart, right?"

He came close to her face, slightly pressing his forehead with hers together. Lydia became more flustered.

"Well, um . . . Yes, that's right."

Her mood had calmed down, and she began to feel timid like that of a shy, intimate lover. Silently, she tried to move her body to avoid him.

He noticed Lydia's uneasiness. Then Edgar remembered of the magic Kelpie had casted upon her which made her forget all kinds of encounters he had with her. Because of that circumstance, her uneasiness was to be expected. Therefore, he then slowly loosened his arm around her.

Even though Edgar had complied with the agreement of their meeting, it seemed to him that Lydia still remained indifferent to that. And although he did not question her about that, he quietly stood up with a very lonesome expression. Witnessing such a sight from him, Lydia started to unconsciously feel a sad feeling well up inside her.

Because she was still doubtful towards his words, she wondered if she really wouldn't come to believe in his promise?

At this rate, she perhaps may not be able to set herself free from the shackles of the fairy magic.

"Um, I think..... if I settled down a little bit, I could probably try to remember again."

"Well alright, do not force yourself to think so hard about it....."

As if he was somewhat confused, he interrupted her words and then held up Lydia's hand.

"All in all, you must leave from here first."

"Do you know of an exit?"

He nodded, and he held up his arm in front of her, revealing black lines entwining around it. That one line extended to a deep place of the channel.

It should have been connecting to the exit, Lydia thought.

Edgar untied the heavy black line from his arm, and attached it to Lydia's wrist.

"Oh, are you not exiting together with me?"

As Lydia asked him this, she started to become restless and uneasy. Edgar had seemed to intend to bring Lydia out alone.

"Without a sacrifice, the Bridge will certainly collapse and the dark fairies will flood into London."

"So, Edgar, do you plan on becoming a sacrifice?"

Lydia couldn't help but enclasp his hand tightly that he intended on releasing.

"The barrier itself is Lady Gladys, as she was laid to rest here. I heard that in order to protect London, she became the sacrifice. And since it is me who has inherited the Earl's family now, I feel at an obligation to do as much as I possibly can for it's sake."

"However, perhaps a sacrifice is not required. The fairy said he wanted me to look for something like an arrow. So I"

If she loosened her hands from him, she dreaded that would be the last time she'd get a hold of him. For the fear of that, Lydia made an effort to grasp his hand tightly with her fingers.

"Then let me look for that arrow. This could collapse any time now. The Bridge is not only being invaded and attacked by the dark fairies. They also loaded gunpowder on the ship in order to impend their plan to strike the Bridge. Although we will try our utmost to prevent that, it may not go so smoothly. So that is why you should escape from here rather quickly."

Edgar's affirmation was absolute.

"But about the fairies... perhaps certain matters that pertain to them, cannot be helped by anyone but a fairy doctor. We should both go together."

Lydia was unwilling to give up.

However, Edgar gently took hold of Lydia's hand in his and frowned in a depressing manner. He began to speak as if he was giving up.

"It seems even until now, I still continue to unceasingly depend on you. I completely don't understand the matter with the fairies, so I cannot do anything without you. You are merely an employee at the manor and that is all, so then, is it really necessary for you work so strenuously like this? Moreover, this is my purpose. There's no need for you to try your best for my sake."

Lydia felt she had never heard such words or seen such a manner from him before and somewhat felt helpless.

"But . . . I am . . . Your fiancee?"

The determination she felt to help him out wasn't just stemming from the fact that she was a hired as a fairy doctor.

Even though Lydia couldn't remember anything, when she met with him again, she faintly believed in the truth of their marriage.

"..... No, Lydia."

Edgar said as he casted down his eyes to her.

"I was lying to you."

".... What?"

"The marriage is a lie. Therefore, you would certainly not remember anything of it. No matter how hard we try, it is impossible to eliminate the fetters of Kelpie's magic."

Lydia could not understand what he meant and just dully stood there.

"Then, why did you say such words to me?"

"It had just been wishful thinking on my part from the beginning. No matter how hard I tried to convince you time after time, you never started to feel affectionate for me.From the very beginning, it's been like this."

Liar. Lydia didn't believe his reasoning for that wasn't true at all.

Why must he say such a lie like that?

"Perhaps, you might have been in love with another man."

"What? who do you mean?"

"If I knew, I would beat him half to death."

Edgar strongly emphasized, while still half joking. Then, he sighed as if giving up again.

“Lydia, I am that kind of man. If you follow me, you will only regret everything afterwards. Therefore, hurry up and get out of here. Kelpie is already outside. Because he was also worried for you, he helped me search for the entrance to this place.”

It seemed that he was unwilling to let go of Lydia’s hand, so he quietly lifted it to his lips to make a print.

“For you to firmly hold my hand like this, it’s the first time.”

As Lydia was thinking about how he teased her once again, she unknowingly relaxed her strength. He immediately left her side.

After leaving Lydia behind, it seemed to her as if he was intending on entering the lower channel flooded with water.

That was a lie, I must remember the truth.

Confused, Lydia started to think anxiously to herself. She then suddenly decided on catching up to him. But as soon as she stepped forward, the silk thread that he had tied onto her wrist suddenly stretched tightly. It very forcefully pulled onto Lydia’s arm, drawing her back.

It was surely from Kelpie’s strength. The silk thread was of Kelpie’s mane after all.

Kelpie must have certainly deduced from her actions, what she was intending to do and so immediately tried pulling her back.

Lydia--while trying her hardest to revolt against the strength-- continuously whispered to herself, ‘it was a lie.’

She wanted to so desperately recall and bear in mind the time when she had agreed to meet with Edgar, rather than just relying on such playful lies he just spoke of.

Why are you going to walk out alone again? And again, you’re just going to give me over to Kelpie.....

Again?

Lydia had been pulled again a little as she was being drawn back by Kelpie while she stared at Edgar who had plunged into the channel below, right before her eyes. In that distorted moment, she desperately tried to trace back her memory with those weak clues.

She realized something similar to what was happening right now, had taken place once before. Edgar asked her to leave his side once before too, saying it was too dangerous.

"My future hope is only you, so no matter what, I don't want to lose you."

She remembered him saying, as she was being carried away by Kelpie.

At that time, Lydia had shouted something back to him.

"....."

..... Certainly, it must've been a very important matter.

But what was it?

Lydia strongly resisted against the pull of the thread's strength again, desperately wanting to remember what she had said to him.

At the time, no matter what, she wanted to convey a message to Edgar. She knew in her heart they were precious words that must not be forgotten.

Therefore, Lydia felt that she wasn't just doing this for the sole reason of removing Kelpie's wicked incantation from herself.

Noting this, the hard magical thread that covered her began to faintly crack, naturally falling off her wrist.

"Hey, Lydia, without it, we cannot go back!"

Nicole cried while hurriedly pouncing across at the rapidly receding thread from Kelpie's mane.

While the thread dragged Nico along, Lydia ran in the opposite direction. She had planned to enter the channel that Edgar descended into.

Oh, the incantation had casted away something so important.

At that time, she suddenly felt as if the shackles that confined the both of them were finally broken and she had come back to reality; she wanted to convey this to him now.

“..... To get married, Edgar, you and I.....”

She hadn't realize that as she thought, she had already shouted it loudly like that.

"Lydia, do not act unreasonably....."

Edgar stood below there, seeing as how Lydia planned to jump down from above, he hurriedly opened his arms.

Then Lydia jumped down.

And was firmly caught by him. Right in that moment, Lydia felt the magic that had enveloped into her body being destroyed, flowing out like fine sand.

She finally understood why she wanted to see Edgar. As she thought this, she wanted to cry.

When he had always told her how much of an importance she was to him or how he'd only want her, she could only halfheartedly believe such words because she had been afraid of getting hurt. But now while in full consciousness, she could not hold in her affectionate feelings any longer, and decided to finally believe in him.

So long as she was on his side, she realized that all her uneasiness disappeared. She could feel his heart more than any words that could be spoken.

“Liar

She closely clung to him.

She couldn't believe the lying words he had spoken of. But their speechless embrace was not in the slightest deceitful.

She felt they were surrounded by flashes of soft and warm light.

“It's the Moonstone”

Edgar took her hand and gently lifted it, as he said that. After witnessing the engagement, it seemed that the Moonstone ring emitted a soft, silk-like light.

The light continuously overflowed, surrounding all sides with a creamy, white color of bright light.

"What is this light?"

"Lydia, close your eyes."

As Edgar's voice fell, the Moonstone sent out a blinding flash, filling their vision with all white.



"How was it that it's only you?"

Kelpie looked at the cat attached to the mane that he fished out from the crevice and frowned in deep thought.

"Ah I finally came out."

"Hey, what happened to Lydia? Get your paws off my hair."

At Kelpie's stare, he hurriedly released his paw's grip off the mane and hid next to Raven's foot who had been standing beside them.

"I have no way to say this except that Lydia had chosen to loosen her hand on her own will."

Using Raven as a shield, he stuck his tongue out after finishing his words.

"Hey big crow, don't get in the way and give me back the cat."

Raven remained silent as Kelpie slowly approached him one step closer.

"Listen, because of this guy, even your Earl is left inside."

Nico looked at Raven who was staring down at him near his foot motionless. He started to become nervous from his stare.

"Hey, wait a minute. We are old friends, right? Therefore, you must protect me, in order for me to not get hurt by this barbaric, dark horse. Isn't that right?"

"Friend" "

"Yes, we pretty much get along. Moreover, it I'm not around anymore, that wouldn't be very beneficial for your Earl either. I uh..am also the only one who'll be able to assist him and Lydia in their reconciliation and make them on friendlier terms with one another!"

"Oh, two intimate sacrificial victims? Don't make me laugh. "

Intimidated by Kelpie's roar, Nico immediately curled up into a ball.

"However, they may not become sacrifices--there is another way to restore the protection. "

"Nico, is that true?"

"Oh, And perhaps a short prayer will do, too. "

"Are you really a friend of mine?"

"Ah, Ah, Yes, oh, of course. "

After Raven confirmed, he turned around to face Kelpie.

"Please do not be impolite to Mr. Nico. "

"Yeah I'm afraid that's difficult to do, and this "Sir" is too lazy to care for you in any way!"

With somewhat of an anxious attitude, Kelpie transformed into his horse form, turning his back to Raven and Nico.

"Where are you going?"

"You look into the situation here, I must go kick out of the way some trashy fairies. Although, that's not going to do much good. "

Though he said that, if Kelpie didn't do anything about the situation, he felt like he wouldn't be able to calm down his mood.

"Wait a minute, look at that. "

Stopping him, Raven called out to him while pointing downstream.

Along the winding Thames River, there were groups of dockyards stretching endlessly for several miles; it was impossible to overlook the distant place. However, the signal of the "Red Moon" members who were monitoring the Ark, could clearly be seen on the London Bridge.

As a result, they rose fireworks in the night sky.

Raven then went on to say,

" 'The Ark' seemed to have appeared on an island downstream. "

Lota's ship received the signal and pulled full sail on her boat.

Depending on the wind's direction, the skilled seaman correctly adjusted the sail in accordance to the wind. They were sailors whom Lota had immediately hired after returning to London. Most of them had criminal records for secret trade of piracy and smuggling.

At the entry port of the Thames River, the older crewmen were introduced much to Lota's satisfaction.

Of course the replacement of the sailors was something she had planned on keeping from her grandfather.

After Lota confirmed the "Noah's Ark" , she passed through the intensive canal of anchored ships, hastily sailing her ship into the waterway to enter the Thames River.

"Captain, after about ten minutes, you can seize the targeted ship from the rear end. "

Of course, Lota was known as the captain of the ship.

No matter how good the employed sailors were, if the captain responded slowly, then that obviously held a negative effect as well. In the end, Lota decided to hide it from her grandfather that she was transferring ships.

Intended to serve as a noble lady, Lota was to tour in the warship of her grandfather, the grand Duke of Cremona, who couldn't imagine his

granddaughter to be personally directing the navigation of the ship. Moreover, it was a ship loaded with cannons.

If it was any ordinary girl, then she would have chosen an elegant, fast-speeding ship. Perhaps when Lota insisted to abandon the Destroyer, the grand duke decided to turn a blind eye.

“First pay attention to the proximity.”

“But Lota, there’s good enough time to prepare.”

Standing next to her was Paul watching her in amazement at her commands.

A few members of the “Scarlet Moon” were also riding on the ship. As the personnel for the battle with “Noah’s Ark”, Paul also came along because he was once imprisoned in the “Ark”, and so he understood the internal situation.

“Oh, what’s the matter about that cannon?”

“The Earl bought it and delivered it. He finally consented an hour before.”

Well, I’ve always wanted it, so I was going to find a way to raise the funds in the future. But I didn’t think I would’ve asked Edgar to supply it to me.”

“Oh, is that right?”

Paul had a dignified and impressive view of the young earl. But hearing Lota speak of Edgar, he felt a bit helpless and overwhelmed.

He wondered why it felt so strange when he looked up at Lota, however, he thought it was impossible for her to have any improper desires as Edgar’s lover.

“The strong point of this fellow is his big generosity.”

“..... So, do you like him?”

“It’s not really a “like” feeling. I’m just short-tempered, and working together with that guy is very easy.”

Like how it’s always been, Lota had not disliked working with Edgar. He would come up with a simple reasonable plan and wouldn’t speak of stingy words during preparation. He had always been generous. Even when dividing the loot,

he also never took even one cent more for himself.

"If he was a boring man, I would have cut ties with him a long time ago."

Hearing such an answer, Paul couldn't help but gaze at her with a complex expression.

"Yeah, that fellow never buys costly things either. He also rarely ever spends money when it comes to buying gems just for comfort for the women he courts."

At that Lota had thought that, if Lydia was convinced by that troublesome man, then her problems were also serious enough.

She didn't know if Edgar's fickle temper changed, however for Lydia's own sake, it was important that she become more careful.

It seemed that his share of concern for a female's temperament, was turning towards Lydia currently.

Certainly to fish, you must use bait--but she hoped that Lydia doesn't accidentally witness him flirting with others.

"..... Marry?"

Lota muttered in disbelief.

Is this really okay for Lydia? She wanted to settle the matter at hand first and afterward, had definitely planned on confronting Lydia about it again.

"Right now, ready the cannon!"

Lota said in a cocky manner, at which Paul smiled as he looked her.

"You also come help."

Paul's expression looked a bit melancholy. Seeing as Lota walked to leave, he hurriedly said.

"Lota, I think that sooner or later there will be such a person who would appear, giving you precious gems rather than cannons."

He said it with a face so earnest, Lota thought it must have certainly been

some sort of British humor.

"Oh, of course, always with a rifle, someone would send a jewelry box."

Paul thought she answered with a joke. If he didn't laugh, he felt that she also wouldn't laugh right away.

Therefore, he finally also laughed happily.

"Well, you have a very cute smile."

"Ha ha, me? Your mind is quite funny."

Although they were only random thoughts that he thought up of, he felt such things were necessary to alleviate the tension that was rising up just before the war.

"Captain, I can see 'Noah's Ark'!"

At the sound of the voice, Lota immediately became fully alert.

"It's not time, maintain your distance. There are too many bends in the river. After pullin out of that curve, quickly approach it closely again."



Lydia was not able to close her eyes in time. A strong, intense light was emitted by the moonstone, making her dizzy and blinding her sight for the moment.

Then the light disappeared.

Lydia who had been closely clinging onto to Edgar, slowly raised her head. Though she moved her head, she was not able to take a look at his face clearly.

"Edgar, what's the matter? What do you see?"

"Ah, your green eyes."

"No, not that."

"Cute nose, luscious lips."

"Hey, Edgar."

Lydia hastily began to leave him but instead ended up stumbling by a stone; Unsteadily hobbling over, she was finally caught by him.

"That's dangerous."

He tightly wrapped his arms around her once again.

In her ear, she felt him give a heavy sigh , while he nestled her, similar to his joking manner just a moment ago. Lydia felt her whole body go soft and weak.

"..... What happened?"

"You remembered me. Lydia."

From those words, she seemed not to recognize the genuine joy he felt from the bottom of his heart.

"Was it better not to remember?"

Edgar loosened his arm, intending to take a proper look at her.

Lydia's eyes finally got used to the light. He stared with an expression appearing very much in pain.

"Can you see me?"

"Uh.."

"Tell me, Lydia. Do you think you can marry me here?"

What is he talking about?

At the current moment, she was certainly able to recognize Edgar without a doubt.

But for him to say that, she began to wonder if he perhaps became hesitant on their marriage. Because of his consistent heart, that Lydia's feelings had changed.

When she had saw him in Scotland, he longed for Lydia to be able to recall the memories of their engagement.

However, had all that changed now?

“.... Did you change? Did you find someone you liked more?”

Although she thought this fearfully, Lydia still wanted to hear his reasonings.

“It’s not like that. ”

“Did you not say, just a moment ago, that if there was no engagement, it was better for you?...As for me, I must have been quite irksome for you. I had just casually come to forget about you, and now, have just suddenly followed you again. ”

“Lydia, don’t misunderstand. ”

“Edgar, don’t lie to me. I’m not happy at being deceived. If you want to break off the engagement, say it truthfully. Even if you hate me · · · · · ”

Just as Lydia was about to pull away from him and leave, she was immediately pulled back again. Then, her entire cheeks were wrapped by both of his hands.

“I love you. ”

With not even a bit confused tone, he said firmly.

“And even if you dislike me, loathe me, my heart will not change regardless of anything. ”

“Why would I hate you? ”

“No matter what happens, never doubt my feelings for you. ”

“..... Eh, what’s going to happen? ”

She didn’t understand what he meant.

Because of the stern manner that he spoke in, her suspicion about his unfaithful heart had been eliminated completely, but the way he seemed to think something would happen, only made her more worrisome.

“I’m not going to lie to you. Therefore, I must wait until the right time I can say it to you. ”

Edgar said miserably, as if already hinting that he never wanted to bring up such a matter again.

"I understand, Edgar."

Lydia absolutely did not want to let him feel distressed.

Seeing as how Edgar's expression relaxed a little at that, she also felt relieved.

She was looking up very close to his ash-mauve eyes, and wondered why was it that they had met like that.

Lydia suddenly remembered she had been tightly leaning against him since earlier. She hastily came to her senses, not even noticing she was unconscious of it the whole time.

"Ah, Edgar. This place here is a little different from earlier."

In order to hide her shyness, Lydia looked around their surroundings and changed the subject.

"Well, after the moonstone shined, everything around us seemed to have changed."

Because Lydia remembered the matter of the engagement, the moonstone displayed its magic.

"We were brought here by the Moonstone."

Different from the curved, narrow channel, they unknowingly arrived at a broader and breezier space.

Like in a very deep barrel, the top above was not a ceiling ; one could beautifully see the night sky.

The feeling here and from the narrow cave, was very different, she felt a sense of liberation from the current atmosphere. Lydia felt a strong hope at the thought of the Moonstone potentially assisting them.

"The arrow must certainly be concealed here in the vicinity. That arrow must be found as soon as possible. In that way, we may perhaps be able to understand as to what we should do."

"Then it should be in this spacing. But I didn't see anything."

They were surrounded by round-barrel shaped walls, that were inclining towards the inside. There weren't any obstacles that could hide anything nor become an obstruction. On the slate-tiled floor, there were no signs of anything.

Edgar alone moved toward the center of the space. Inspecting all around the flagstone, he soon-after turned around to look at Lydia and shake his head side to side as if to confirm that there really was nothing.

In that moment, a beam of light suddenly shot out in the sky.

The moonlight shot up and went in through a ceiling that had not been there. Raising her towards the phenomena, she the moon peep out its face from the slit between the clouds.

Meanwhile, from the scattered moonlight on the ground, there appeared an outline of a person.

"Edgar, that is"

The two of them approached closer to it.

The figure of a human laid supine on the ground. Both her hands were folded across her chest, almost as if it was a body within a coffin.

She was clad in a formal blue dress. Her luxurious, golden hair was bathed underneath in the sparkling moonlight. She was a young woman.

"Is this Lady Gladys?"

Edgar said in a soft voice. Indeed, Lydia had seen her before. The glorified figure certainly appeared very similar to Lady Gladys in the portrait.

She was someone who had lost her life after becoming a sacrifice for the ultimate protection. However, not appearing as if it had been 100 years ago, her body looked so vibrant, as if she could wake up at any moment.

"It's hard and cold. It seems almost like stone."

Edgar boldly reached out his hand and touched her.

"Because she is already dead."

"In the world of fairies, does the body of the perished become somewhat like this?"

"No, it seems the physical human body does not remain. I feel this should be a remnant of her magical powers."

"If this is the case, then this should definitely be the core of the enchanted barrier."

Then the arrow should have been exactly that.

Edgar must have certainly considered the same thing. Lydia definitely planned to confirm whether she was holding the arrow or not. He tried to move the body of Lady Gladys which was lying down, but no matter what he did to it, it appeared as if her soft hair, as well as the silk in her clothing, remained motionless like a carved stone statue.

"Ah, the that head ornament seems pretty strange."

On her forehead laid a glorious brilliance. Lydia had initially mistaken it for some decorative hair ornament. But after a much careful and closer look, the shine from her forehead radiated a dazzling and silvery outline.

"That... ..., that's the fairy!"

Lydia could instantly remember him from when they had first met; and even now, he was the same, shining, as he radiated silver rays of light.

He gently fell down from the night sky in a beam of light.

"The fairy? Was he the one who forcibly brought you here?"

"Ah, yes. I was wondering what had become of him after the attack of the Nightmare. But it seems that though his strength has weakened, fortunately, he still managed to survive."

"Lydia, perhaps, this could possibly be the "Merrow's Star"?"

Edgar suddenly said.

The Merrow's star referred to the star sapphire decor on the treasured Merrow's sword. Edgar said it probably wasn't a star-sapphire itself, but floating

in the sapphire, it looked to be part of the stars.

Lady Gladys shone a silver star on her forehead. Indeed, it was very similar to the gem known as the star sapphire which reflected light from inside of the sword.

“But, but, there isn’t really a star-sapphire on your sword.”

Edgar nodded, pulling out the sword from his waist’s side. Inlaid the sword was a great sapphire, in the shape of a cross, glimmering unceasingly.

“However Lydia, you still remember, when I obtained the sword, the Merrows engraved this star at the time. For the true descendants of the Earl family, there was always a specific ‘star’ that was engraved within their body, which allowed Merrows to confirm the identity of the such a person who was the legitimate descendant of the Earl family. In that way, the Merrows could take that star away and return it to the Sapphire on the treasured Sword.”

So, that is how it was done. However, before Edgar, there had been no sons of the Earl family who had come retrieve the sword.

Therefore, there was no decoration of a star-sapphire , but the sword was always taken care of by the Merrows.

“Ah, so the Sword itself had requested of the Merrows to have it taken to the late Lady Gladys who also held the star?”

“It seems so. This ability should only be exclusive for the Earl’s house to provide a star for the Sapphire.”

The silver fairy had always been here, even after Lady Gladys had died long ago. He had taken Lydia here with the intention of strengthening the magic around the London Bridge, in order to stop the attacks of the dark fairies.

But Lydia had continuously wondered why it was her who had been chosen.

Should it not have been Edgar?

If the fairy was the star of the sword, he should have sought help from Edgar who was the true wielder of the Sword.

Or, perhaps it was that he didn't even require the Sword's assistance in the first place.

Lydia pondered, unconsciously lifting her left hand up to her chin, the moonlight shined on the moonstone ring. Bathed in moonlight, the moonstone immediately radiated a brilliant light.

The light illuminated and engulfed the hardened body of Lady Gladys.

At that time, the star on her forehead sent out a flash.

All of sudden, the light filled the entire space of the broad cave. Then, it began to subside slowly and the physique of Lady Gladys vanished, replacing it, was the silver fairy who stood there motionlessly.

He was wrapped in a light full-length gown, just as if he had slipped out from old mythology. He fixed it's eyes intensely towards Edgar and continuously stared.

The fairy looked carefully at the sword Edgar was wielding.

"Why is the treasured Sword being carried by someone who is not of the Earl's bloodline? How have you attained authority for it?"

"Well, that is because....."

Lydia was going to interrupt, but Edgar assumed his stance while stopping her with his other hand.

She didn't know when it happened but the sword was seized tightly by the hand of the fairy who had began to hold it up slowly.

"Moreover, you're also the person who somehow holds possession of the Key to Ibrazel."

"The Earl's blood had been severed, so I am the new Blue Knight Earl."

The fairy couldn't believe his words and so revealed a severe expression. Moreover, opposite to the fairy, Edgar was also gripping onto the Sword with one of his hands.

"The new Earl? Though you reek of blood of taboo on you?"

In his hand, the fairy appeared to be holding a Sword that had looked identical to the Merrow's Sword, like a reflecting mirror image.

He was the sword's "star," therefore, the sword was also a part of him. With that being the case, it had meant that the sword he wielded, and the one treasured sword in Edgar's possession were exactly of the same strength.

He seemed intent to resist Edgar.

"Please stop, Fairy. He's truly the Earl. He came here in order to protect the bridge! "

But the fairy showed no means of listening to Lydia's reasoning and instead descended forward in order to cut his target down.

Edgar raised his own sword to defend. A metallic sound resounded in the space of the barrel room as the two Swords clashed.

Edgar tried to firmly ram the fairy away, but in an instant, the sword left his own hand, and floated up into the air.

Sword came to a stop while still in the air, being manipulated by the fairy. Since it was a part of him, he could certainly use it at will.

It then suddenly flew over towards Edgar's direction making him it's aim.

Edgar intended to quickly avoid it, but the sword passed over and swiftly sliced his shoulder. As it grazed his shoulder, it then nailed the stones on the ground with great force.

The Silver fairy looked down at Edgar's bleeding shoulder and spoke in a low voice.

"That is the blood that concluded the contract with the malicious Unseelie court."

What?

Lydia couldn't understand what he meant. She only saw Edgar enduring the pain patiently as he tightly frownd.

"So then, I need to dispose of you instantly."

The Sword had fallen to distant place from where Edgar had been and it didn't seem easy for him to try to escape either.

While still in an anxious state, Lydia desperately tried to think of something in that instant.

We must stop the fairy. It was her responsibility as a fairy doctor. As Lydia was desperately thinking, she suddenly remembered that the fairy strongly requested something from her.

....To seek the arrow in order to obtain the qualifications.

If she could find the requested item, then she would become entitled to know of everything and to be able to command him based on such a qualification. This could surely stop him.

But where was this arrow even?

As if the moonstone wanted to say something to the worried Lydia, it kept blinking from her finger.

Little bow, do you know?

...Yes, if this is Bow, then.....?

At that moment, a thought suddenly flashed through her mind.

“He most definitely is the ‘star’ to the treasured Sword.....”

So he must also certainly be the “Arrow”.

The that had meant that he originally appeared before Lydia because he was the compliment to the ‘Bow’, the ‘Arrow,’ that had existed together with the Moonstone.

The bright stars and the full moon were floating in the deep dark night sky.

It was when they were together that the moon's bow and the star's arrow became a weapon.

The arrow that they had been looking for, was exactly of the Star-Sapphire, the Astral Star (?), which was the name of the Fairy.

"Stop, Arrow! You are the Arrow, right? You said that if I had found the Arrow, then you would lend me strength, right?"

Then, Lydia shouted loudly.

"Therefore, please don't kill Edgar!"

Despite her effort, the fairy had already settled on striking Edgar once more.

'No!'

Lydia rushed to towards their direction.

"No, Lydia, stay away!"

Edgar cried out loudly, while stretching out both of his arms catch Lydia, who at that moment, had fully leaned up against him.

And just as she had felt the sharp edge of the Sword stab right into her back, her body immediately collapsed in his arms.

Chapter 7 - A New Promise

The sound of the cannon reverberated on the Thames at the dead of night.

The explosion sound awoke several of the strollers sleeping on the pier. The cannon shot had seemed to hit its target, the “Ark”, thereabout sending out a monotonous sound.

Carrying out surprise attacks on a moonlit night was Lota’s specialty. Hired crewmen, and several others on board that Lota had formerly knew--were all carrying out their tasks methodically.

Because the Ark’s sail had obtained some damage, it somewhat allowed the ship to have reduced its speed. Lota neared her ship even more towards the “Ark”.

They issued one shot after another-- continuing on the bombardment successfully. In order to not open any holes in the ship’s body, they only took aim at the sailcloth.

Certainly, if the bombardment was undertaken at such a river port, then there was also a possibility of the cannon shot to exceed its target and fall onto other anchored vessels.

There was no way she could confirm anything in the darkness, but because she planned on having Edgar deal with the aftereffects for her later on, she decided not to worry about that and just continued with the assault.

She settled that she could also consider that as a “gift” along with the cannon she got from him.

“Anyways, how is it that there isn’t even a person on that side of the ship?”

Lota murmured in a low voice. She wondered if all the crewmen were hiding in the ship. Since the attack, surprisingly, no one had ran up to the dock to check on the circumstances yet, nor had they called on reinforcements for the

fallen ship spar.

It was strange that they did not fight back despite the continuous attacks, and although the ship had tilted to one side allowing water to seep in, the "Ark" still continued to propel forward.

"It's almost like a ghost ship."

Paul mumbled--and at the same time--Lota felt chills run up her back because of the rare matter.

The Ark, with its broken sail, moved about by the waves under the moonlight, making it really appear as a ghost ship. What was rather peculiar was that even though the sail had been heavily damaged, and although the speed had been reduced somewhat because of that, it still continued to move forward.

But whatever the circumstance, it really wasn't a time to be puzzled because time was running out. It had to be stopped in any case.

"Call off the bombardment. Advance speed to flank it. Do we have everyone ready who will be transferring to the other side?"

The agile Crewmen readily complied with Lota's instructions. There were several volunteers who were also participating by remaining on standby.

"Bring down the spar of the boat, drop anchor, and stop that ship."

At that time, Sailors took aim at a dark place to throw their ropes, and were ready to invade the "Ark". The "Scarlet Moon" members having been involved with the Ark, should have also made their invasion very smoothly seeing as no one has appeared."

Lota piloted her ship to move together with the Ark, waiting on the reports from her crew.

"Captain, we didn't find any sailors."

Not long after, she got the very first report there from a crew member who had returned.

"They didn't even seem to leave any boats behind which means they probably fled long ago."

"There is no crew?"

How can there be such a thing. Although they had planned for the ship to explode, the Crew should certainly have attempted to escape in front of the London Bridge before the final moment. But it was impossible for them to have already escaped in such a short notice.

Moreover, there was also no Crew aboard it, so how was the ship able to move?

The course of the river was not a straight line, and the direction of the wind was also expected to change at any time. To be able to manipulate the sailboat should have required a considerable amount of manpower and labour.

"In other words, this is not the work of humans?"

"There are only the hostages. It seems that they're asleep and are being kept in locked rooms. About a dozen of people."

Among those group of wealthy people, there probably was no chance of anyone starting up such a medicore ship.

"And the anchor? Can you put it down?"

"There is no anchor!"

"The rudder is also fixed in place!"

Lota curled her lip in annoyance as she kicked the gunwale of the boat.

The plan of breaking the ship's spar was underway, but Lota sensed that even without a spar, the ship would still continue to go forward.

"If we can't stop it, then we'll need to sink it."

"But what about the hostages....?"

Upon hearing Lota think aloud like that, Paul worried to inquire any further into the matter.

As if to console him, Lota patted him on the back.

“Don’t worry, I’m not so simple as to give up so easily. ”

She then turned her head towards her Crew.

“Hey, are we able to release a boat into the River in order to remove the hostages? How long would that take?”

“It is too late for that, it will very soon be hitting London Bridge!”

Just then, Lota’s ship started to abruptly shake very hard. In order not to fall into the River, Lota desperately tried to grab tight of the rope.

While also tumbling, Paul stretched out his hand in a panic.

When he managed to grab hold her firmly, the boat once again started to shake from the opposite direction.

Lota and Paul together rolled down on the deck, hitting the spar before coming to a stop.

“Captain...are you alright?”

"Ah?....Yeah "

As Lota climbed to get up, she noticed that Paul lay underneath her whilst cushioning her.

“Hey, Paul, you’re fortunately alright. ”

Lota at the same time helped to raise Paul’s head that had become dizzy after hitting the poll. She then simultaneously asked the Crewman.

“What just happened right now?”

“It is not clear. Only our ship shook. We were pulled back from the “Ark”. ”

“It may be the faes....”

Paul mumbled as he was still held by Lota. Although everything still appeared in a blurry manner, he desperately tried to align the focus of his eyes.

“What? There’s even the fairies involved? ”

"There seems to be something that is promoting the boat to advance in the River....."

Whatever it was that activated the "Ark", had done so in order to attack and hinder Lota's ship. (?)

"Can you return to the original position right away? Hurry up. "

At the moment Lota gave out instructions, Paul finally became clear headed and realized his situation. Then he cried out in alarm and hastily moved away from Lota's side.

"You didn't need to get so shocked. Do you not often come in contact with women?"

"Ah, no it's not like that. "

"So I see. You're still innocent"

"Uh...this matter...please don't mention of it to the Earl. "

"Why? Would that idiot Edgar joke about you because you were with a woman?"

Lota could not have possibly understood; Paul was trying his utmost best not to get close to one of Edgar's female lovers which was why he was against the idea of Edgar finding out about such an incident. (?)

"Well, that um...."

"Captain, look at that!"

Hearing the yell of her crew, Lota hurriedly stood up. Luckily because of this incident, the misunderstanding that Paul had just spoken of was quickly forgotten.

Lota ran to the ship's bow and there, across the River, she could see continuous intermittent flashes of yellow light.

They were gas lamps. And the dark shadow of the London Bridge reclined in front of the gas lamps.

There was not a spar on the “Ark” anymore, and yet it still kept moving ahead.

The only option that seemed to be left now was to attack the boat’s body. But was it too late for that?

Even a little bit of frictional sparks was enough to ignite the gunpowder and blow up the ship. Moreover, what could they do about the hostages?

Lota clenched her fist.



Edgar fell to his knees as he held Lydia's unmoving body in his arms

The sword had firmly stabbed her back and she lay there motionlessly with her eyes closed tight.

"Lydia"

He gently brushed aside her caramel colored hair from her face, and not knowing what else to do, he just embraced her again tightly, tangling her hair further.

"I said I will protect you, but why is it that you . . . !"

Although he could feel the presence of the fae close at hand again, Edgar already had lost all will to fight and just remained motionless

His reason to fight had disappeared. He thought of his own self as the most filthy. While he was put in such a chaotic state, he didn't think as much to consider if whether she was still alive or not.

He had just wanted to protect her, wanted to keep her alive and happy; and if only now there was still a chance for that, then he was willing to sacrifice anything in exchange for it.

The fairy directed the tip of the sword between Edgar's eyebrows.

I'll kill it!

Despite harboring such a thought and wanting to so much, he still owned the

pride of the Blue Knight Earl so his hands were left tied. He daringly stared back at the silver fairy.

"She worked hard for the Earl's household, there was no reason for this to have happened to her!"

"Was it for the sake of the Earl's residence? Or for you? The distinction of this is very important. I do not know which side she will be remaining on from now, however, my sword has reached a decision on its own."

"Decision? So she's dead?"

No, it did not seem as if that was the case because the fairy silently moved away the sword's aim from Edgar's eyebrows.

"The sword did not hurt her."

Edgar was taken aback--he hurriedly placed his hand on Lydia's back.

He realized that while the sword had cut through her dress and corset, there was only the feeling of dry cloth and not a single drop of blood.

"Lydia . . . is still alive?"

He reached out and pressed his fingers on her neck, soon enough feeling the vibration of her pulse.

She was still alive.

"As she was not able to withstand the powerful magic of the sword, she merely fainted."

At that moment Edgar's heart began to settle down as he hugged her tightly again while muttering the name of the absolute divine being whose name had long since been forgotten.

The two of them were tightly huddled together in the embrace.

He felt relieved at the fact that he had not lost her. But despite that, he knew he also had to bring himself to consider where from now on, he would end up taking Lydia.

Although she was connected with the fairies of the Blue Knight Earl's family, it was uncertain to say she could really become his partner. But Lydia had still unexpectedly come along with him.

Because of that, Edgar did not want to understand any of it; he only knew that didn't ever want to loosen his grip on her again.

The fae that had been looking down on the two, spoke as if he did not comprehend the situation.

"You are entitled to the sword and hold the key to the Earl's house as it's successor, but you bear tainted blood within you. The sword that should be unable to harm it's wielder had willingly drawn blood from you. But she, who is thy betrothed, has been protected by the magic of that very sword. "

That was indeed exactly how it turned out in the end.

It was the reason for the perplexed fairy's inquiry. But Edgar couldn't possibly discern what the fairy of the Earl's house himself did not even know about.

"What has caused such a distortion? If it is as I expect, if your blood is evil, then why are you not able to be killed immediately? "

I cannot die yet. Edgar raised his head.

"Arrow. "

He had been told by Lydia what the fae's name was called.

"You should be my servant. Despite your vexation, this sword is still entitled to me, and you as being one who's supposed to coexist with the sword together, should also become my possession. "

The fae carefully watched Edgar with a troubled expression.

"Although I do not wish for this in the slightest, it seems to be that case exactly. However, you still seem to not understand. I have decided obedience to your betrothed only. Because it had been her who found the "Arrow". Therefore, I must see to the agreement and lend her my strength-- the strength that would also become the power you had so wished for. Is that in

contradiction to what you had hoped?"

While Edgar did think it was a strange reason, he felt that as long as he could obtain the fae's power, he certainly wouldn't mind such a thing.

"Can you obstruct the masses of the evil Unseelie courts?"

"With only myself to do so, it would be very difficult. Since for many years now, in order to provide protection for the Bridge's barrier, my power has gradually weakened. I had been compelled to rest here after being attacked by the Nightmare. Although the Moonstone has helped, my power has only recovered a little. Therefore, I will be needing your assistance in order to proceed with this."

"What should I do?"

The fairy slowly turned around, his eyes falling on the treasured sword embedded in the ground, and then stopping in front of Edgar.

The sword gently started to vibrate as it pulled out from the stones sewn to the ground and then floated in mid-air. It ambulated towards Edgar's eyes and stood erect as if held steady by an invisible hand.

"Under this Sword, please put forth your command on me. Have it lend it's strength to me."

"Command? Is the Sword and your heart not one vessel?"

"I have already been away from the Sword for too long. The Sword has somehow been able to obtain a new Star which, while being embedded within it, has also been growing. It seems to also own the same name and even the same power as me. In this way, it appears somewhat similar as a brother."

With one hand still holding onto to Lydia, Edgar reached out his other one to pick up the Sword. The cross of the dark blue Sapphire-star glittered as it emitted glory.

This was the "Arrow" while the Moonstone ring on Lydia's finger was the "Bow" that existed together with it as a weapon.

"When I had casted it towards you, it seems the star had made the Sword deviate it's direction in order to protect you, for you suffered only a minor injury."

Edgar then came to understand that he had not actually avoided the full on attack of the Sword on his own. Edgar, while wearing a wry smile, pointed towards the flickering flare of the precious blue stone.

The current Star in the shape of a cross on the Sword, was a brand mark Prince had engraved on Edgar's body which was symbolic for his captivity.

Edgar had handed it over to the Merrows who carved that same cross into the Sword as a substitute for the star.

At that time, Edgar had just escaped from Prince's clutches and in doing so, also obtained the status of the Earl. The proof of this was his own new self.

The Sword had initially cursed Edgar's blood. But despite that, he still did not give up on becoming the true Blue Knight Earl.

Edgar faced the glittering blue stone of the star and in a quiet voice said "my star", while harboring a peaceful look.

"Arrow, please lend me your power. And together, protect London with your brother."

The sword began to glow at his voice.

The fairy held tight of the beam that the Sword let out.

There then appeared the form of another "Arrow".

An Arrow of a beautiful silver monochromatic light. While Edgar was just becoming attracted to the beautiful light, the ground around them began to violently shake.

The vibration caused the rocks of the wall to collapse down.

"There appears to be no time. Please come with me."

When Edgar asked where, the fairy pointed towards the sky.

"Please don't lose hold of your fiancée."

At the instant Edgar held Lydia firmly in his arms again, he felt his body float up in the air.



"Hey, Paul, for the gunpowder warehouse that's in the bow position of the ship, please give me the right sketch map!"

Paul rushed into action, he racked his brain with the determination that he at all costs, had to stop the ship.

"Pilot the ship onwards and have it pass the Ark!"

Lota stared at the diagram in her hand and then ran towards the Fort.

Just then, the silhouette of someone came into sight as it jumped across the ship's gunwale landing right on the deck. A man with black curly hair stood at the frontage looking like he was not very pleased.

"Hey. The ship doesn't appear as if it would be stopping any time soon. What exactly is going on?"

"..... You are Kelpie?"

"Lydia hasn't left from the inside of the Bridge yet. If the ship crashed into it, the Bridge would definitely be destroyed wouldn't it?"

"That is right. There's no time. So I advise you do not cause any trouble for us."

As Lota intended on pushing Kelpie out of the way, she suddenly stopped and turned her head to look back at him.

Indeed, he was a fae that perched within the waters. She had heard his kind could bring forth formidable forces inside or near water areas, so it was best to not go near a Kelpie's Waterside. She was taught that by Lydia.

She had also once heard that Kelpies were capable of triggering floods, seizing the shores of all domestic animals near the bank, and causing other destructions of the sort.

"Hey. You can set off a big wave, right?"

"Ah?"

"In the opportune moment to my accordance, bring about a large wave."

"Why should I have to do as you say?"

"Do you want to help Lydia?"

On the moment Kelpie heard Lydia's name, he immediately made a stern face.

Not looking too much into his reaction, Lota concluded that he would help, she then rushed to the Crewmen to issue instructions.

"Well then, just above the warehouse, open up a hole on the side for me!"

"But Lota, if we fire off at such a nearby area, the sparks could trigger the explosives to explode."

Paul called out in a worried voice. Lota smiled as she turned her head around.

"Everything will turn out smoothly. Kelpie, get ready!"

"Don't look down on me. What exactly do I need to get ready to cause a mere wave?"

"You really can be reliable."

Lota confirmed the ammo of the cannon-shot and also personally handled artillery as she waited for an opportune moment. (?)

Faintly visible in the opposite view, Lydia was precisely atop the London Bridge as she was being carried by Edgar.

She had already been extremely exhausted. She didn't utter the words at any occasion that she had wanted to be let down, her whole body did not possess any strength, and she certainly was in no mood to feel embarrassed either.

Edgar had not yet noticed that Lydia awoke, he just slowly went towards the railing. The Bridge's gas lamps, with the fine spacing arrangement, illuminated

the River's surface below.

It was just before dawn on the London Bridge, when even the shadow of a person could not be seen. And at the Thames River, where it should have been very serene, echoed loud sounds of gunfire.

Edgar felt Lydia become frightened as her body slightly trembled to the sound of it, so he secretly watched her.

"Don't be worried. That's the sound of the battle that Lota is conducting in order to stop the Ark."

"That, Edgar, why don't you put me down?"

"Can you stand it?"

"Yes...probably."

Edgar was a little hesitant to do so but still slowly put her down on the ground. He used his arm to pull in Lydia's waist which still swayed, Lydia had no way to refuse that as she could only depend on him to even just stand there.

But more than that, she was still worried about the Ark. Lydia leaned on the parapet as she gazed about.

Under the still visible moonlight, the two ships advanced side-by-side towards their direction. Among them, the one with the fallen spar, and tattered sailcloth, was the "Ark". The other one should have been Lota's ship.

The sound of the cannon rung out again, and the Ark violently shook as it seemed to have taken a blow at its hull.

"The ship is loaded with gunpowder, right?"

"Lota should know how to go about handling that."

If the spark of the cannon-shot caused the gunpowder to explode, then undoubtedly, Lota's ship would also get involved and suffer damage. However, quite contrary to such concern, the shell launched one more with the accompanying roar. At the next moment, large scale waves smashed up against the ship.

"Kelpie?"

She looked out and saw a familiar black horse galloping on the River's surface. Lydia murmured his name in a low voice.

At this time, they noticed Kelpie was bringing about a wave onto the Ark, causing water to enter through the side hole on the ship's body, that had been bombed to be opened up. It was most certain that the water had soaked into there.

"Oh, Ah, I see....if the gunpowder was to become wet, then there would be no way to use it. "

Edgar stated, as he assumed that Lota had only been waiting for the right time until finally stopping the Ark with her own ship.

However, the Ark had still continued to advance towards the London Bridge. Even if the gunpowder did not explode, once the ship hits the Bridge, that would still be enough to leave it fragmented. The hostages inside would also drown with it together.

Although the tattered sailcloth could not possibly bear the wind, and there appeared to be no steam being used, the ship still glided about without a sound.

An even stranger scene compared to that was the dark, thick cluster of living creatures like ants that hovered around the ship, instantly catching Lydia's attention.

That was the evil group of the Unseelie court.

"Arrow, quickly stop those fairies! "

Edgar shouted as he seemed to have also seen the jet black group. This meant that perhaps then, Lydia and Edgar were both still within the enchanted state of the barrier.

"Earl. Please lend me thy betrothed. "

The "star" said in a troubled tone, as it flew over his head.

"What?"

"Because only she is the holder of it, only she can use the bow. "

"You're going to have Lydia draw back the small bow? That's an absurd decision. "

"The small bow will also help. "

"Edgar....I'll do it. "

Edgar worryingly observed Lydia, he really didn't want to release her from his hold.

Although she did not understand how to proceed with such a matter that didn't even make sense to her, she still tried standing with her own strength.

"I have already become a member of the Earl's home, haven't I?"

Therefore, she wanted to fight together with him. Lydia gazed straight at him with her clear gold-green eyes as she said that.

The fairy shined a silver ray of light which indicated Lydia to raise her left hand; then as soon as she brought it out, the Moonstone became fully immersed in the moonlight.

At that instant, the ring immediately let out a light.

The Bow that looked just like a Crescent moon floated in the air.

The moment Lydia captured it, she felt a powerful force purge into her body.

She had become one with Bow.

Her body felt as light as a fairy's when she gently leaped onto the parapet.

Lydia looked down upon the surface of the River while she stood high up.

The Ark constantly approached the pier.

The Silver "star" on Lydia's head, transformed into the shape of an arrow.

Lydia stretched out her hand to hold tightly onto the arrow, positioning it accurately on the bow; the consciousness to naturally do something like that

had also seeped into her along with the magical power.

Lydia had become surrounded by warm and harmonious power that she had totally became dependent upon.

The Bow of the Moonstone was outlined with a golden beam of light that radiated it's shape.

The Arrow of the "Star" was then shot into the air.

Lydia looked up chasing the trail of the Star with her eyes.

The Arrow Star seemed like it was being sucked in the night sky as it continued to rise into the distant sky. Then, in the blink of an eye, it sent out rays that turned the dark night into flashes of daylight.

At the same time, as the ray of lights were being withdrawn, the sky in Lydia's field of view, became completely covered with a meteor.

With her own head in the center of the scenery, the figures of countless radiating stars descended below.

They were similar to the pouring rain, falling atop the London Bridge, on the Thames River, and the streets of London.

The dark shadow that overlaid the slums area started to retreat as it shrunk, eventually disappearing.

Lying atop the London Bridge, the Nightmare became bathed by the Meteor's light, and the figure becoming weak, soon also vanished.

The stardust adhered on to the Ark, on the roofs of every household, the stone floor, and even accumulated on the sides of trenches instantly purifying them.

Lydia gazed at the scenery while pondering to herself in amazement.

Such a phenomena had been created with the union of the Sapphire Star of the first generation Blue Knight Earl and the Moonstone of the Fairy Princess.

She could not help but wonder if both her and Edgar had been deliberately chosen by the two mystical gems?

Edgar had no ties with the Earl's house and Lydia was no more than a fairy doctor from the countryside. Although that was so, he was able to attain the treasured Sword, had attracted Lydia towards him, and had even obtained the Moonstone again by chance since its disappearance, which all seemed like it was fated to be.

When Edgar had proposed to Lydia the very first time, she had been moved by his words, hence had accepted the Moonstone ring, though she felt it might have merely been a matter of convenience for them. But because the vow of engagement had been made in the fairy world, her relationship with Edgar perhaps might have even held a special meaning.

As she began to think more about it, she suddenly realized that it was from that point on that Edgar's words for Lydia had become more and more sincere, and that she in turn had also become more aware of him.

Lydia gazed at the River's surface, noticing that the ones who'd been propelling the 'Ark' had finally disappeared. The ship was beginning to come to a halt in front of the London Bridge.

The golden Bow and Arrow from her hand then disappeared, and her body suddenly began to feel very heavy. That's when she realized that she was about to fall off from the parapet.

What will happen to me from now on?

In Lydia's prospective, love and marriage still did not feel real to her. She only knew she felt attracted to him, and so she did not dare think of matters further than that.

But it was also true that she was no longer the same person as she was before--someone who could only live together with fairies.

Lydia felt herself being held by Edgar. Hoping that these pair of arms would always hold her like this, she lost consciousness yet again.



In order to avert the meteor shower, Kelpie dived into the depths of the

Thames River and swam up to the outskirts of the countryside. After he came out of the River, he shook off the water drops while gazing at the sky above.

The clusters of meteors began to gradually disappear. Occasionally, there still appeared to have been dispersive stars seen flowing from London's direction, however that quelled away soon enough as well.

As soon as the East side peeped out shimmering light, the disappearance of those stars would only be a matter of time.

At the time Kelpie had gone under the Bridge, he was able to witness Lydia use the Bow to shoot the Star Arrow. Whatever had seemed to borrow Lydia's body made him feel Lydia become much more distant from him.

She had already become the Blue Knight Earl's fiancée. And that fact would most likely not falter given how stubborn Lydia was on her decisions.

But compared to that, Kelpie was more worrisome of Edgar.

He had now become "Prince". Therefore, it was possible for him to betray Lydia at any time.

"You seem to be very tired."

He looked up, following the sound of a voice, --a woman disguised in men's attire had been standing beneath the shade of a tree by the River.

"Oh, it's the Selkie."

"I was beginning to think that you had ended up being banished together with the Nightmare."

"I wouldn't go down without a fight."

"Yes, it would be more like that."

"Why are you here?"

"It's accidental passing"

"Humm."

When the magic of the sacred Arrow's light had spread throughout London to

conquer the Unseelie court, Kelpie as a precaution had slipped away and gone upstream away from London. Therefore, it should have been impossible for Ermine to still find him close by. But it seemed such a situation was actually set up by him.

It seemed Kelpie actually wanted to seek her out to inquire. (?)

“Did you predict that things would turn out this way?”

“Turn out like what?”

Kelpie asked her this without turning to look at her, so he answered with his back towards Ermine. He wanted to know if she had influenced this outcome.

“The one to steal the Freya and give it to Ulysses was originally you. As long as you have that, the most important part of ‘Prince’ would still continue to survive. You had already anticipated on the possibility that the Earl would become ‘Prince’, didn’t you?”

She kept silent. It seemed as though she had already accepted that.

“Is that the reason why you decided to stand by Prince? Because this was a way you could stay with the Earl? As long as there’s no telling when he could betray Lydia and become the Prince of Ulysses and the organization again, then there was a way for you to be able to serve him again and remain next to him, right?”

She turned around her head while looking at Kelpie in anger but yet still maintained a calm voice.

“If I had known it’d turn out like this, I wouldn’t have just stolen the Freya like that.”

“Then for what purpose did you want to steal it for?”

In order to enter Prince’s organization, one had to use flattery. (?)....0,0 Although it was true that Ermine was in Prince’s organization, she had also continuously been considering her brother’s and the Earl’s benefit, always trying to protect them in a discreet manner.

Had she not deeply cared for them so much, she wouldn't have owned the Freya and recaptured it from the Earl to hand over to the Prince like that.

If she did not know the extent of the stone's power, then wanting to hand it over to the enemy would have been more cautious.

“.....However, this is destiny. So there are no other paths to walk upon. ”

Ermine did not have a true answer to Kelpie's question and so she merely spoke what she felt.

However, Kelpie kept on hanging onto one simple question.

Who did Ermine steal the Freya for then? If she had thought of other exits for her brother and the Earl, then wasn't there someone behind her who had been encouraging her?

If it was only her personal assertiveness, even if she couldn't become useful to the Earl, and it was still hard to imagine that she'd betray him in order to side with Prince.

By claiming the Freya, she was recognized by Prince, but at the same time, she lost the Earl's trust.

Despite all of that, who was it that actually led her to commit to such a thing?

“Who do you actually serve? That person is neither Prince nor Ulysses, so who on earth persuaded you to enter Prince's organization for your brother's and the Earl's sake?”

“The Master of my soul is only Lord Edgar. ”

“But you're acting on someone else's orders. ”

It looked like Ermine was in no agreement to speak of her feelings.

“That is my own will. ”

She was meaning to say that no matter who the command came from, she would disregard anyone's order since they were all the same. She then sighed softly. (?)

"I have no regrets but if all goes well from now on in a certain perspective, then it'll cause Lord Edgar to become involved again. (?) However, I hope that such a matter will not occur."

Even Kelpie expected what she had meant.

If the Earl and the Selkie came into contact, then that would lead him to come into contact with the Prince's organization.

He had hoped that at least for Lydia's sake, such a thing would not happen.

Because the Earl did not want to lose Lydia, he didn't want to let her know that he now held the Freya. But was that the right choice?

Originally he had willfully wanted Lydia to always stay by him, thereby drawing her into dangerous battles. And Lydia herself would also recklessly intrude in such danger after him.

"Hey, since you were also human before, so you understand why humans have love affairs, why would one so desperately try to protect their partner so much?"

".....It's because the human life is very short. But as long as there are sincere feelings and the passion to move forward, then life would still be meaningful, despite being so short."

After giving him that reply, Ermine left Kelpie's field of vision.



One night later, after bright daybreak in London, the concern of hearing artillery sounds at midnight was spreading amongst the townspeople, with the main topic being the sighting of meteors in the sky.

For the public, the question as to why ragged "Ark" had ended up floating before the London Bridge had also remained a big mystery.

The people locked inside as hostages were peacefully let out the ship, but there was no one who understood the matter that had taken place.

As for Moses Albert and all the others who boarded on the "Ark," even they

had disappeared. Some people had even claimed that the man did not even exist. The higher ups within the Police force had been bribed by the character called Albert. Therefore, they hadn't even planned on investigating in the first place.

Greg and his associates had been locked up in the Ark by Ulysses' orders and it seemed they were also to be killed along with the other passengers. Because they had participated in such a disgraceful incident, it was impossible to publicize the disclosure. So, they hurriedly became fugitives to avoid potential punishment.

Since the Unseelie court had disappeared, the spread of the disease under the slums had been brought under control and thus, gradually faded from people's memories.

As for Prince's existence, the Rebel Organization against England, and topics of faeries and sorcery, it was difficult to announce such things to society.

Compared to that, Edgar had also wanted to conceal his own past; since he had known of Prince's schemes from the past, he'd known Prince prepared to vacillate the Royal court's plot, therefore he was unable to rely on the State and the judiciary. (?)

Because of this, he had promised Lota of her unreasonable demands that he would somehow wriggle her out from the matters of the "Ark" and how she opened fire at the port.

Before dawn, Edgar quickly finished with all relating matters.

It was believed that the Barrier still protected the London Bridge atop the Thames River. Although its protection had weakened, it was still enough to naturally ward off any faeries from the streets of London.

"I will stay by Lady Gladys' side until her power disappears completely. "

The Silver fae had said that and left.

"For a fairy, there would not come any change for generations. (?) "

The cross Star on Edgar's treasured sword still glittered; it was as if the new

“Star” of the Blue Knight Earl, the “Arrow” fairy, had been breathing. (?)

With his mind and body exhausted, Edgar lay himself down onto the sofa, slowly feeling the weight of the sword's responsibility on his shoulders.

He had planned on the becoming the savior of the Blue Knight Earl's family, but now, he was distraught at the possibility of leading the Earl's family to destruction instead.

He wondered what would happen in the future.

“Lord Edgar, have you not yet taken a rest?”

From the opened door, Raven peeped at him worryingly.

“Oh, the sun has risen so high up already.”

Edgar had not even taken a little rest last night.

He had been busy with continuously handling matters that had happened after the event.

However now, he did not even have the slightest feeling of going to bed.

“What about Lydia?”

“She has not yet awoken.”

She had fallen asleep after losing consciousness on the Bridge.

Edgar stood up, handed his Sword over to Raven to put away, and began to exit the room.

“Lord Edgar, it is not necessary to take that along now.”

In that confound moment, Raven instantly touched upon Edgar's coat. Detecting the pistol within Edgar's coat made Raven feel disturbed, it was rare for him to call out and stop his master like that.

“Ah....that's true.”

But after saying that, Edgar walked by his front side and just left.

He wondered about the turmoil in his mind made him so anxious.

Edgar left the manor and started to walk about aimlessly.

He had decided to come back to God, as he already crossed over to go into the Church of the neighborhood.

The morning mass in the Chapel had ended and so the whole building was left vacant without a figure in sight.

Through the stained glass, soft sunlight poured down below. Edgar sat down at a long bench in the corner.

A very long time had passed by, but he just foolishly sat there. Occasionally, he would wonder why he was here and felt that even this peculiar manner of his was incredible.

Edgar did not believe in God. When his fate had become distorted by a man nine years ago, he constantly denied the existence of God.

But he met friends who started to support him and was eventually able to escape alive from that hellish place-- he even obtained a new identity soon after.

Because of this, he no longer hated God and came to realize that his current circumstances were from his own choice.

He quietly opened his clenched hands.

The burn marks from when he'd touched the Freya had considerably weakened. It was likely that they'd disappear in a few days.

He did not feel any change within him either. Since yesterday, he had been constantly persuading himself that if he retained his awareness as the Blue Knight Earl, then Prince's memory would be nothing more than just information.

Edgar placed the hand that had come in contact with the Freya onto his chest, the pistol still in his coat pocket, and at the same time he felt the hardness of it. He couldn't help but become aware of the fact that the muzzle was pointed directly above his heart.

As long as he died, Prince would be completely buried. That was precisely it, and his innermost feelings had longed for the dark night to finally end.

This way would be so much easier than to worry about further matters in the future.

However, he still had Lydia.

At that thought of her existence, his arm could not help but lose its strength.

“....Earl?”

The sudden voice made Edgar surprisingly withdraw his hand from his chest.

When he turned around to look, a man entered the Church, it was Professor Carlton.

The Professor still had tousled hair, and he also didn't pay attention to his slipping spectacles as he walked forward and gazed upon Edgar's crumbling face.

“Oh, so it really is the Earl. I recognized your pronounced, golden hair from the doorway.”

“P-Professor, did you come back from Cambridge?”

“Yes, I have to tend to a matter at the University of London today. Therefore, I conveniently traveled to your home...”

Edgar finally setting out to smile, stood up from the long bench.

“Did you ever see Lydia? I want to apologize for not reporting to you about what happened afterwards. A few days ago she was in Scotland and then ended up returning here for a variety of reasons. But because her relation with a Fairy had consumed a lot of her energy, she is resting now. Her health did not suffer, so please feel at ease.”

“Yes. I have already inquired with the Butler Mr. Tompkins about that. Lydia had just woken up and is now back to her usual cheerful self.”

“Woken up? I see...that's excellent...”

"I heard the Earl had went out for a walk, so I tried to turn around and seek you out from the neighborhood. In short Earl, I have come to give my reply today on the matter from a few days ago. "

When he had heard that Lydia had woken up, he felt a peace of mind for a moment but after remembering of the burn marks on his hands once again, Edgar felt he couldn't just listen to the Professor's reply like this.

He couldn't conceal this from the Professor. In order to get permission to marry, Edgar had an oath to him to not hide anything.

"Professor, please look at this."

Before the Professor could reply, Edgar put his palms out forward.

"I was exposed to the magic of the flame of fluorite. It is said that this stone is capable of not transferring the soul from an aged body to a young body but actually transferring the memories using sorcery. I'm afraid, my body has been practiced upon with such dreadful black magic, which was mixed in with memories of that man."

"Memories...you say?"

"I still do not understand how exactly it's all possible, but the leader of that Organization seemed to have transferred his memories more than once into bodies of other candidates in order to create an appropriate successor."

Professor Carlton was intertwined with shock and confusion, as he gazed up on Edgar with a complex look. He appeared to have wanted to say something but still closed his mouth in the end.

This matter was not something that was indifferent to him. He probably had a really difficult time accepting how deeply involved his daughter had been with Edgar's circumstances.

"Professor, it's evident that I have no other choice but to break off the engagement with Lydia. But I love her, and even if we break up, I'd also never be able to forget her. However, if you would not allow it, she will not be made to go against her father and follow me."

With harboring such a painful idea in his mind, Edgar finished off his last words with one breath.

But even if he said that, he himself was still unable to give up hope. And perhaps he would always still continue to watch over her even from afar after being torn apart from her. Although he felt that's what he would do, he could only say so much in this current situation.

"What will you do with her now?"

With an unexpectedly self-ridicule tone, the Professor said this, with his gaze moving towards the entrance of the Church.

Lydia had been standing there.

She immediately rushed over. While she held an anxious look, panting for breaths--she at the same time--had also been looking at him with a crying face.

She held a very angered appearance as she pursed her lips. Without any proper regard, she neared towards Edgar and suddenly put her hand on his coat.

Lydia grabbed his coat tightly, stretched her hand into it, and quickly snatched the pistol before backing away from him.

"Edgar, did you not say you wouldn't lie to me anymore? I made an earnest decision to believe in you, therefore accepted your proposal. Yet you're prepared to break your promise with me?"

"That's only there for self-defense. I put it there and just forgot about it. I'm not lying."

Lydia shook her head vigorously.

"You are lying! Raven had also been worried that you were still carrying this. Even Mr. Tompkins was concerned with your strange manner, and though Raven seems to know the reason, he didn't tell me anything. Regardless of what matter occurred, it doesn't always mean that you have to resort to killing!"

Her tears that she couldn't seem to bear anymore, dropped down on her

cheeks, and then she suddenly turned her back to Edgar and hugged her father.

“Oh good Lord!”

The Professor, still in a confused state, stroked his weeping daughter’s head.

“Lydia, you are embracing the wrong person.”

“No...Father, I do not want to embrace Edgar.”

“Well, aren’t you going to get married?”

She tightly clung to her father and after remaining silent for a little while, she finally said in flat tone,

“Yes. But, even so, I still do not want to embrace him.”

Professor Carlton gave a wry smile and gently pulled Lydia away from him who looked like a child clinging onto his arm.

He handed her a handkerchief to wipe her tears away and looked back towards Edgar and said:

“Well, I very much hope that you, Earl, will take great care of this stubborn daughter of mine.”

“Professor . . .”

There was no need of asking if he had truly meant what he said or advise him to rethink things over. Edgar just closed his mouth.

The Professor had certainly considered Edgar honestly just a moment ago and as a result, he finally given his answer.

Since this was the important matter of his precious daughter’s marriage, he surely wouldn’t just display the temperament of a good-hearted father who went along with the idea. This person, through a Scholar’s sharp eyesight and unbiased judgment, had come to believe in Edgar’s oath of never changing his heart.

“Thank you very much.”

Professor Carlton gently pushed Lydia’s back and turned around to leave.

Edgar, towards the Professor's leaving figure, deeply bowed his head.

After her father had left, Lydia--while pouting--awkwardly sat on the side of the long bench, while feeling embarrassed.

"Lydia."

"Don't come near me!"

"I'm sorry, for letting you worry so much."

She then lowered her head and said,

"I heard.... Prince died. But yet, you still do not seem to be happy. I will not ask anything about it until you're ready to tell of it yourself....but, please let me just believe in one thing."

"What is it?"

"Do not ever suddenly disappear without saying a word....."

"Well, we had a promise. Regardless of what happens, I'll always be by your side from now on. Lydia, even if you ran away from me, no matter where that would be, I'll always chase after you."

Edgar sat down beside her and firmly took hold of her hands, resting them on his knees.

"And especially now."

"I will not run away."

Lydia slightly regretted how it had turned into a situation with just the two of them now. She looked around their surroundings and saw that there was not even one person in the Church, so she just lowered her eyes anxiously.

"...You said that you wouldn't let me get close to you. Is it also because you're mad at me?"

"....."

"Do you not want to embrace me?"

"No, I do not."

He used his fingers to gently brush aside the hair on her face, Lydia then anxiously lifted her eyes. Her golden-green eyes, that were able to see unimaginable faerie magic, gloomily looked back at him.

He had finally found it, the gem which had just belonged to him.

“Is that so? Then, we do not need to embrace.”

His lips slowly came closer and slightly touched upon hers.



"You lied," Lydia mumbled.

"What did I lie about?"

".....We have never done such a thing. "

Ah yes, when she had forgotten about their engagement, he had told Lydia that they had usually kissed like this.

As he remembered such a thing, Edgar began to laugh. Lydia did not think it was a laughable matter, so she pouted in anger.

He couldn't resist such a sight of her that looked so cute, so he kissed her again.

"It is no lie. This will become a very common thing in the future. "

"But, we're in a Church. "

"Because we have exchanged vows of engagement, therefore even God has blessed us. "

Although she was still reluctant and wrinkled her eyebrows, she did not actually move her face away.

What happened to me? Edgar silently endured the slight pain in his chest.

As long as there was even a small hope, it seemed that humanity would still desperately hold onto to it, to not die a lonesome death. It was no different for him--he resolved to annihilate Prince while still being alive himself.

He did not know if such a thing was possible, but he hoped that he could continue on surviving, to not let Lydia suffer any misfortune.

For all this, he had been unable to let go of her warmth and would continue to fight for this reason in the future, too.

Edgar only prayed that Lydia would always have a smile on her face, no matter what. He wanted to believe that she needed him, too - as much as he needed her. He reached out his arm and drew her slender shoulders closer to him.

Credits

Author	Mizue Tani
Illustrator	Asako Takaboshi
Publisher	Shueisha Cobalt Bunko
Translator	<u>Daydream Translations</u>
	Ashe
	Vicky
	Shyza
Editor	Alexia
Book designer	<u>Armaell</u>